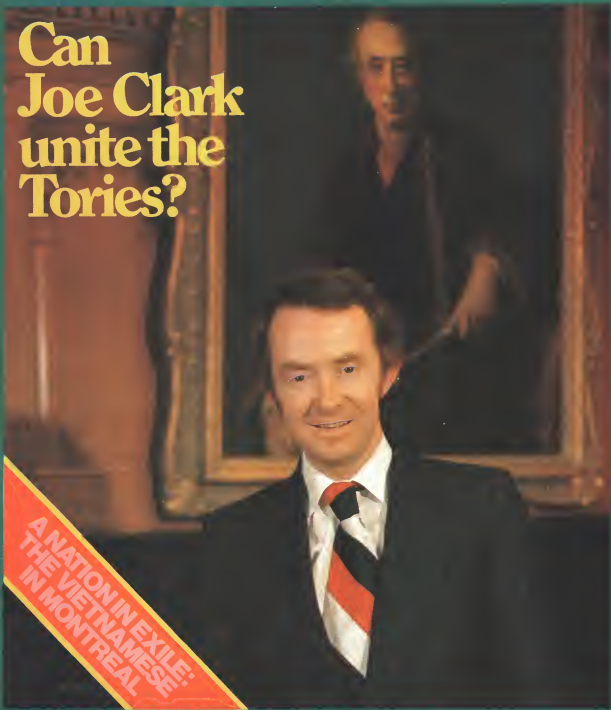


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# Interview

With DAVID SUZUKI

is a University of British Columbia dormitory in 1968. David Suzuki was talking with a group of his students about the moral implications of cloning—creating exact copies of plants, animals and people from a single cell. One student argued that Suzuki's own genetic research had an equally dangerous potential. Suzuki began to worry. For a year, he examined his work and his conscience, eventually concluding that the fault lay not in science, but in himself—and, by implication, all other scientists. So he set out to change this, first by making himself available to local television and ultimately by launching himself as Canada's voice of science. He is presently the host of two CBC programs, *Science Magazine*, a half-hour television show on Sundays at 5 p.m., and *Quirks And Quarks*, an hour-long radio show on Wednesdays at 8 p.m. in Jim Murray, the executive producer of the television program, says "Suzuki has been an influence on the CBC itself by emphasizing the importance of the arts and programs and convincing the higher-ups that science programming should be done." A great deal of Suzuki's success in popularizing science comes from his own spirit. He's an oddity, comfortable with jeans, shirts, ring, fuzzy hat, moustache and an infectious enthusiasm—which is part of the reason a great many of his fellow scientists tend to dismiss him almost out of hand. Which, worse, he is a critic—no, he's one of those scientists who tell him his beliefs are on some kind of expedient. Still, as he explained to his former journalist, Constance Mungall in a recent interview, he is getting a lot more support and is not less critical from scientists these days, because research money is so tight they'll accept help from any quarter.

**Mackinnon:** What kind of response have you had from your work in popularizing science?

**Suzuki:** The public response has been very encouraging. People are willing to accept that they're very ignorant about science, but they're hungry for information, and they want someone to tell them in English. I think the stereotype of a scientist is a guy who immediately takes you to task, so any person who attempts to make it simple and explains it in English is greatly rewarded. I see, on the other hand, a very dangerous attitude, a very strong anti-scientific bias. There's a significant tendency to blame science and science for a lot of the problems we're in today. There's a conspiracy mystique of it, and only the science that's going on now that of the

basic scientific approach, which I think is still valid. So you've kids going into the schools, the mystical, extrascientific stuff, associated with plants, the Chernobyl triangle, Chernobyl of the Gods... It's free to entertain these far-out ideas, but if at the same time you throw out the scientific ability to criticize something, then I think



## THE GREATEST DANGER IN GENETIC RESEARCH IS THE MILITARY GETTING HOLD OF IT

you're lost.

**Mackinnon:** But if people can do it the easy way, and read *The Chimits of the Gods*, they'll do it, either then and your book on the social implications of genetics.

**Suzuki:** One of the hard parts about being a responsible citizen is that there is a certain amount of information and methodology that one has to learn. Ultimately science will be used in the best interests of the public at large only when the lay person, because responsible, the lay public has been irresponsible is not getting out and demanding that someone tell them what it's all about. The downside of the case is that science for all kinds of reasons—conspiracy, selfishness, whatever—has their own hang-

ups, and they're tended to justify their aims rather than consider education of the public a responsibility. We've said "Give us the money because we're scientists, and we're doing it for your benefit, and if you don't give us the money we won't help you cause, we won't give it to the cause," and so on. We've become an autonomous group that hasn't even cared about the taxpayer. Now that's changing because money is getting tight. But the scientific professions must take a tremendous knock for having been negligent of its responsibility to educate the public.

**Mackinnon:** What kind of response have you got from scientists when they see you on TV?

**Suzuki:** I'd have to be a psychiatrist to really give you an answer. A lot have been extremely supportive and have supported the idea of popularizing science, but they are still a minority. A lot of scientists who have supported popularizing science see it as a way of selling science, as a way of getting more money, which I really disagree with. That's not what I'm about. There is a lot of resentment about what I'm doing, and I suspect a lot of it has to do with me as a person. I think scientists would be happier if it was a different kind of image being projected. I've had a few people ask why they don't put my face, and the hell do I think I am? I suspect it's more widespread than just my critics tell me.

**Mackinnon:** This year you are not only working on television and radio, you are writing a book on your science. What approach are you taking on it?

**Suzuki:** I'm writing it with my wife. It's called *Humanity: Mind and Evolution*, and it's for non-science students. It's a new work, going on now in genetic engineering perspective. We make the point that human awareness of heredity and the possibilities of using them of inheritance go a long way back, probably about 10,000 years at least. Today we have fancy molecular techniques, molecular biology, and learning today how to recombine genes. They will some day actually cut into our genetic material and lift out genes and replace them with other genes, perhaps from other species. There's really they will be able to create new human beings. But the kinds of issues raised now with fancy molecular techniques are so much profound than when Plato with his Aristotle was talking about how to make a new breed of man.

**Mackinnon:** The fact we have more sophisticated technology doesn't change the whole character of the problem?



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**Samuel:** This is where I differ from a lot of people. There's no doubt that the explosion of modern medicine has been a revolution in terms of health, but I personally think the fundamental problems, the human implications of genetics, are not going to come out of genetic engineering. I think they're going to come out of the same crude understanding we've had for more than 2,000 years—there, the basic laws of plant and animal breeding. You take an organism that has certain characteristics, you breed it with another organism that has the same characteristics, the chances are that their offspring will have the same characteristics. That's what's led to better breeds of dogs and better seed grain. I personally think the real danger are not from mass surgery, but more from Franco and Stokely in the United States, and Ayatollah in Iran. They're coming, people of power are gradually being changed in terms of it, and this has tremendous implications for our society. A few years ago, this occurred to the Canadian Human Association and that poor people were understanding the wealthy in Canada, and his accommodation, cited in the newspapers, was that we should sterilize people before they could receive a nuclear charge. That kind of mentality is dangerous because to be setting a tone that will allow thugs to say: "Well, you know, blacks have certain qualities, Indians have others, Japanese have others." And that's the danger to my view.

**Maclean's:** The new techniques of recombinant DNA seem to magnify these possibilities.

**Samuel:** To me the great danger of just hybridizing breeds is a genetic surgery in the fact that the industry and the military are going to get their hands on it.

**Maclean's:** What about the public health board of the experiments in making new conclusions of genetic material, the risk of scientists creating new bugs that we have no control, and of Chernobyl?

**Samuel:** I think, but I'm not so worried about it as the possibility the military will say, "Gee, you might be able to convert a human that would normally kill certain mass groups, pick out certain animals, suit for destruction, or even whole populations." That's something you see few scientists considering, because they are a self-interested group. The scientific profession is simply an arm of the industrial-scientist complex. They just want to be paid in the United States. For a scientist to deny that he is being directed by the governing agencies, which are government agencies, that his work is contributing primarily to industry, is completely blasé.

**Maclean's:** Even just that?

**Samuel:** There is no such thing as pure science. You could be doing work with no obvious immediate application, working on solutions in developmental (first used in scientific research) for instance, and still be feeding the industrial-scientist complex. The other thing that scientists must work

against is secrecy. So long as a huge segment of scientific research is shrouded in SECRECY AND CLAMMINESS and those documents are viewed primarily by the military and industry, I don't see any way of getting out of the evil that are being perpetrated by people concerned primarily with money and power. If scientists would refuse to publish anything unless it is widely read, in the international literature, that would go a long way.

**Maclean's:** Would that one change make such a difference?

**Samuel:** I don't know what's hidden in the classified information, so I don't know. But as new information comes out, it must be translated into English for the public.

**Maclean's:** For a public education—year



## SCIENTISTS WHO DENY BEING DIRECTED BY GOVERNMENT ARE JUST KIDDING THEMSELVES

own affairs on television, for example.

**Samuel:** It depends what mood I'm in. I can find good and say the opposition about another possibility has led to a greater sensitivity and responsibility on the part of the public. On the other hand I can be very pessimistic. We seem to be spending a lot of money on matters that seem to be important but in the long run are really trivial.

**Maclean's:** There's no such thing as pure science. You could be doing work with no obvious immediate application, working on solutions in developmental (first used in scientific research) for instance, and still be feeding the industrial-scientist complex. The other thing that scientists must work

against is secrecy. So long as a huge segment of scientific research is shrouded in SECRECY AND CLAMMINESS and those documents are viewed primarily by the military and industry, I don't see any way of getting out of the evil that are being perpetrated by people concerned primarily with money and power. If scientists would refuse to publish anything unless it is widely read, in the international literature, that would go a long way.

**Maclean's:** Wait a minute now. You've just said something I don't think I said. I feel that human beings are different from any other organism on the planet. We have an incredible brain. We have an. We have society. We have mass. We have literature. We have science. These services are uniquely human, and they are fantastic. But coming out of that same creative force also is a quality that makes man unique in a different way, and that is that he will use his ability to destroy, to destroy. That ability is what makes it so difficult to glory in being human.

**Maclean's:** Whether you said it or not, this is an error in our value of humanity does seem to be somewhat linked with the scientific approach. I'm asking how you got that way?

**Samuel:** I don't know. Let me state my position. If the earth has all living organisms, in a conscious I don't think, that's a tragedy at all. If mankind disappears from the planet, I don't think, again, that's a great tragedy. The loss of all living systems is no great tragedy. If there were life elsewhere. Thank God it's not being found. I wouldn't want to be a fruit fly or a mouse, but I don't have the habit to think that because we are—in my view—the most important thing on the planet we have the right to go out and brashly destroy the planet. It's absurd, but it also dominates me. The loss of whirling cranes or whales, for me, is tragic, because it is depressing to me that my species would commit it necessary to totally ravage another species—masses of whirling cranes, whales, all of the endangered species, are not very much better. The solution to these problems are not going to come through science and technology. They are social and political. I just attended a meeting in Ottawa concerned with chemicals in the environment. Chemical engineers, it struck me it's all very nice to have international groups of scientists discussing something for many decades, for me and so on, but the basic question is why the hell did we need any of these chemicals in the first place, and why are we faced with having to deal with them now that they're on the earth? Why wasn't industry absolutely responsible for making absolute guarantees that it was harmless before it was marketed? Instead of the burden seems to be shifted to us. As consumers have to prove to government and to industry that they are dangerous before they're removed. Changes are not going to come through any more action, they're going to come through the public taking more responsibility and demanding certain responsibilities of others. I don't see the major social issues of the day being solved by science, at all.

**Maclean's:** And yet people seem more and more to feel that for technological solutions.

**Samuel:** Right. This is what you'd expect of

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North Americans. We want a short-term benefit, and if we have some difficulty we have a short-term remedy. And I really anticipate will never be subjected to that is free of problems in itself. You can't rely on technology to cure technological ills, because it will itself generate more problems.

**Murphy's:** But to change that tendency means a tremendous change in the thinking of all of us?

**Russell:** That's true.

**Murphy's:** Do you think it's possible?

**Russell:** Sure. I think so. But the argument with a number of environmentalists who are entirely pessimistic, full of doom and gloom. I think if you use your mind and look at it completely rationally, there just doesn't seem to be any way out.

**Murphy's:** And yet you seem fairly optimistic?

**Russell:** I believe that in the end it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if human beings survive. I'm not going to be around in 100 years. It's not a god damn with me.

**Murphy's:** But you're got children.

**Russell:** Of course I have. And I say for what they're going to meet. But I think in the end all you can do is say "Certain things matter to me." It's a human being, in order to maintain my dignity, must occasionally achieve those things."

**Murphy's:** Was this completely come recently? I had the impression you didn't feel this way a few years ago.

**Russell:** I guess when I started the whole previous game I had the idea I would like to raise the level of consciousness, make profound changes. It was, I suppose in retrospect, an incredibly egotistical ideal. Now, while I think that I must try to be responsible to the public, I have no illusions about what the impact will be. And in the end I don't think it matters. The important thing is, that I tried.

**Murphy's:** And what led you to this feeling?

**Russell:** I was profoundly affected a few years ago at a special on politics recognizing that I was on "One of the participants was a minister. After he had discussed all the fancy engineering techniques, this minister got up and said "This is the end, what does it matter whether you're saving the rainforest or whether you're looking for a vagina, an ideal democracy? All these gods don't matter a damn. If you just go about trying to get there. That's his experience." It was a repudiation of "The ends never justify the means." The means are everything. That's what it's all about. It's how you go about doing it.

**Murphy's:** Do you look back in your career in the civil rights movement in that light?

**Russell:** I look back and say I don't regret it. But I don't look down at it like I thought I did. And that's because I think I would do, but with a very different attitude. It was very involved in civil rights when I lived in the States, and participated in a lot of sit-

ins. I was involved in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People when I was studying in Tanzania, and finally left the United States because I couldn't stand the racial policies of the government. But my whole life at that time was spent in constant agony, despair, hatred at the situation and the fact I couldn't work to cause some great change. Now I feel I can't say any way excepting or oppression by any other group, but I have a little perspective to recognize that how have been going on a very long time and, while one man's work can't do it, in-group violence overnight is just not realistic. I think I've just grown a little older.

**Murphy's:** You're really old and down in your life. The last letter was a



## IF MANKIND WERE TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE PLANET, IT WOULD BE NO GREAT TRAGEDY

rough time for you both personally and in your work. Two few meetings have to work, and you've been from your work for a while. And when you've been back to work, you added the extra load of trying to communicate with science.

**Russell:** I wouldn't say I'm restless now. Sure, my life has been like a roller coaster but that's not much different from anyone else. We all have our ups and downs. Hopefully when we hit low periods we learn from them and become perhaps a little wiser, a little more mature.

**Murphy's:** Do you see it as a roller coaster from now on?

**Russell:** I'm sure there'll be ups and downs. Having married a woman who is

just an incredible person has had a very profound effect on my life. Her name is Yana Galla—the married her name, came when we were married, and was required for Canadian citizenship because of this. But the bright it through.

**Murphy's:** Did you support her in that case?

**Russell:** Yes. I know I have been a male chauvinist all my life, because of my own cultural background. Being a Japanese in Canada is the most important factor in what I am today. The others I came from was one that accepted the male chauvinist and all the things that go with that, and I don't pretend to be out of it by any means. But the profoundest move we've been through to play even more I was a kid—the whole childhood thing—it is a very hard side for some of us to live up to.

**Murphy's:** Is it easier from that perspective part of your own commitment?

**Russell:** I don't know. I think the main thing is the decision that such has to be or better work, but as greater work or importance than anyone else. Our most significant our two values and not have great experience beyond this. It doesn't matter. That's a big thing. It takes the edge off the need to prove anything. It certainly takes the edge off having power, or publishing or fame. From doesn't mean a goddamn.

**Murphy's:** You're got some of it.

**Russell:** Some people would consider it fame. It's a very right mind thing, a very short-lived thing. It's certainly not satisfying, it's nothing. I've seen the people who get carried away by being recognized, or having this incredible power of going into the homes of a million people at once. It's very interesting and men want have some sense of it to handle this.

**Murphy's:** You obviously have.

**Russell:** I don't know. There's probably a lot of people who'd say I'm a man of a brief, and I'm sure I am. That'll always be people who are going to respond to you positively and others negatively, and then the problem. They'll have to work that out for themselves. I'm trying, and I'm honest about being enlightened. But I wish now that this life is a constant struggle. And that struggle is what defines me.

**Murphy's:** You're not bitter about some of the things that happened in the past, like the movement of your family during the war?

**Russell:** What happened to me is, in a very normal sense, no special. I've met people who carry ratios more than the ones from concentration camps in Germany. To try to compare that experience with mine is to debate this experience, but the problem of being a Canadian was happened to be Anna, and being labeled as coming, were very real to me and very painful. Something I had to work out. My wife is English, and now a Canadian, and I think she has a reasonably present and genuine and joyful life—and my parents too—though a lot of this tension. She's only 36, but she makes me feel like a baby. She's an amazing woman. ☺



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# Letters

## The business of social responsibility

Thomas Bellford's *How Business Is Paying for Its Part of Indifference* (December 31) concluded that I (his business) has no social responsibility. That conclusion is false. It reflects neither my own view of the subject nor that of the corporation with which I am associated.

Last spring, Bellford requested an interview, and asked for an opinion on government-business relations. My reply suggested that government has a responsibility to help create an economic climate in which business can perform its legitimate function, while, on the other hand, business has a responsibility to provide goods and services at the best possible price and at a reasonable return on investment for its shareholders. On this issue, Bellford successfully concluded that I am business as having no social responsibility.

I strongly object to his column in at least three respects. He grossly distorted my own personal view on corporate social responsibility, he significantly altered the emphasis placed on one key point-to-wisdom industry-government relations, by inserting the word "insurance" in reference to the mutual-co-insurance factor, where I had used the word "reasonable," and he completely changed the context for which the interview was requested and conducted, and in so doing, used my comments on one subject, i.e., government-business relations, to draw a false, elaborate and erroneous conclusion on another subject. At best, a questionable journalistic practice.

It's position in the area of corporate social responsibility is long-standing in

such diverse fields as health, education, crime and broadcasting, research, environmental protection and community work. In my own view, as well, business has a deep responsibility to the community. In addition to the kinds of involvements demonstrated in ITT's corporate strategy, even the more traditional aspects of business decision-making carry a very real human implication. The creation of employment, the production of wealth responsibly and risklessly, the development and pursuit of human opportunity in both economic and social terms, the maintenance of a constructive cycle of economic output—these are all part of responsible business enterprise.

There is no universal definition of corporate social responsibility, and probably there never will be. But in my mind it is perhaps best stated in the things people do on the job, the integrity they bring to their personal and professional endeavours, whether in the boardroom or on the shop floor. Social responsibility is something every individual, every institution and every group must recognize and respond to. As a society, I think we're making headway in that respect, and will continue to do so, the systems of Toronto Bellford notwithstanding.

THOMAS H. BAYNE, PRESIDENT  
ITT-CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

## Overlooked in the rush to publish

In *Maclean's* (October 4) you state on page one that "This is the first issue of Canada's first newsmagazine." In my book, *A Private Canada*, which covers the 40-year history of our family business, I have detailed the life of Canadian

Comet (1932-37), which was "indigenous" and was Canada's newsmagazine during that period.

N. W. SECKSME, TORONTO

## For the record, and the protest

Thank for *Maclean's* new format and news to Mike McRobert for articles *Canby Is On Cover* (January) and *Maclean At Gassy News* (October 31) were superbly written and, I hope, will cause reverberations with results at government levels. I particularly appreciate the page devoted to Redjoe since it is very rare in magazines these days.

NEIL S. DUFFY, PORTLY, RIVER, BC

## The folks who really had a better idea

In *Nothing for Nothing, Please Let's Ask* (February 9) *Maclean's* says that Pier Marier is the founder of Bottleboards in Canada. Actually Bottleboards Canada and Bottleboards are trade names of College Manufacturing And Research Canada (CMRC) Limited which introduced the boards to Canada through its network of university student representatives. The registered user is its subsidiary, Bottleboards, Bags and Bottleboards Canada (CBBC) Limited.

A. C. CORN, PRESIDENT,  
COLLEGE MANUFACTURING AND RESEARCH  
CANADA, TORONTO

## The news doesn't stop at the border

In the "Editorial" section under *Editor And A Brother* (February 9), Jeffrey Vanoverman Gregg Thompson berated *Maclean's* for printing "Lor Bailey on the cover of its December 1 issue. He maintained that Canada's newsmagazine should keep its cover stories Canadian, isn't that carrying on our nationalistic fever a bit too far? Should your staff-head read: "A) the news that's fit to print... as long as it happens north of the 49th parallel? Come on, Thompson, do you really want to see the denigrating notation of Quebec, Quebec, Pome Traders, Anne Murray and Pierre Berle on the magazine covers of the nation? Wouldn't you rather use *Maclean's* and other magazines feature the international newsmagazines who bring up facts?"

*Maclean's* has become one hell of a fine magazine. It's interesting thought-provoking and above all, readable. But the magazine's content runs you put the word "Canada" in each and every article you print, or take the Canadian slant from cover to cover, my dear friends!

TED SCHILLINGER, VANCOUVER



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If your Tilden car isn't clean and mechanically sound, please don't go away mad. Tell our president. He'll look into it personally. Jot your comments on this card. You'll find one in every Tilden car.



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# It's bad enough being the Land God Forgot; did everybody else have to forget, too?

Column by Suzanne Zwanen

For a northerner, arriving in Yellowknife at this time of year is like a trip in a time capsule. Wounds of federal-provincial jurisdictional disputes, southern journalists' spent weeks here worrying about their colonialization into the days of the League of Nations. And now here's *The Yellowknifer*, a quasi-lit weekly newspaper, including civil war. The North is a colony and the Territorial Council little more than a debating society. The *Yellowknifer* gives us a true testament of the apogee Canadian newspapers of a century ago. It depicts what this Yellowknife was like.

hale. Given's determination to keep the North daily subject was when number minutes and it's safe to let go. But if northerners don't appear among themselves on the value of the news, they present a mixed front when it comes to making their history of grievances. The south last year closed Arctic airports that were the sole lifeline for some communities, the south tried to involve Canada's dead rules, eliminating the dead weight that act as a security for many northerners, the south doesn't even know that if native claims were secured there will be precious little

around for militant demonstrators from natives. And nobody was asking the coast off's opinion on the land claims. The flats and the natives are taking it over, as help wanted.

This left the council to open a Prudon's box of familiar old trash and inhibition: alcoholism, prostitution, the vagaries of the civil service, an endless list to be periodically and perpetually repeated. Proposed power rate increases could add 300% to already astronomical bills, a siver case to examine than motherhood. But while the Yellowknife City Council demanded a price from council was decreed by its own northern affairs manner. As they waited to worry, he answered by find it all an hand and was launching his own investigation. Nothing daunted, council tried alcoholism. It is they agreed an epidemic among the North's 60,000 people. In a year, the equivalent of one third of the adult population leads, dead drunk, in a cell somewhere. Councillor Bryan Pearson counts 42 alcohol deaths in 17 months. But alone in the past few years. The problem defined, council tried with prohibition, declared it unprofitable and unenforceable, and voted not a penny money to some more detoxification facilities. Council was reduced to waiting. Should some (including or have to carry survival plan)? An identification system used by wildlife people struggling caribou? And government employees using government cars for their own, not on duty? And for police (except from wage and profit guidelines)? (Council gave Bill Plummer confused the didn't know.)

And so the session wound down. It marked, everyone said, a landmark. The \$306-million budget was the biggest yet, 25% more than last year's, a triumph over inflation, government, and the council, for the first time, were all truly elected northern representatives. Purged forever the government opposition and civil servants who once ruled the North from comfortable Ottawa offices. They called for celebration and council responded promptly by charging its name to the Legislative Assembly of the West.

The name doesn't make a us, though it is not our real it rate rate and spend money as it wants. The truth is that the North has more problems than per capita and they act as perpetual as the stripping of the natural law on council's magnificent (it broke that year on the third day of the session and was, as it is every time, right before us). The real north, world's even daunted.

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# "What a wise and economical investment my Maytag proved to be," writes Mrs. Effler.

*"It has been washing 2 or 3 loads a day since 1962, but repair costs have been surprisingly small."*

The marvelous service she has gotten from her Maytag Washer proves to her that quality is the best bargain, according to Mrs. Neoma Effler, Winnipeg, Man.

"We bought it shortly after the birth of our first son in 1962, and it has been working hard ever since," she states. It saw all four children through diapers, and today it's as busy as ever, washing everything from jeans and sneakers to permanent press and delicate things.

Hard as her Maytag Washer has always worked, it has seldom seen the repairman. "Five years ago we added a Maytag Dryer and this also has proved to be a good investment," she adds.

We don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Effler reports. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



**MAYTAG**  
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



Showering Mrs. Effler's Effler's washing machine, a Maytag, 1962. Mrs. Effler's Effler's washing machine, a Maytag, 1962. Mrs. Effler's Effler's washing machine, a Maytag, 1962.



politics northerners to "keep every state" and "avoid every wedge of power" in order to "force our colonial overlords to loosen the shackles." The North, the paper proclaims, must form a government with or without federal consent approval, by their means or risk, subordination or even blackmail.

Yellowknife is a pretty town right now, barely coating the rim of the south looking up from the north to the north. Northerners, it is agreed, have nothing of the North and care less. The North isn't fully closed Territorial Council met in Yellowknife this year but who, south of 60 ranked that the North's federal appointed commissioner finally had properly elected northern representatives to governing affairs. Furthermore, who south of 60 gave a damn? Northerners are presently, even if no one agrees on the virtues of the latest state of affairs. To none, no elected council is proud (positive the Territorians are missing, if not exactly lacking, several provincial status. To others, the council is but a slap, wisdom dressing to

lead left to form a province should the south ever permit the North to exist.

Northerners settle because only one of 12 Conservative leadership candidates (Buckley Stewart) ventured north for their views. All of Canada later the Olympic Winter Games but southerners they Doug Derby Westpac's tokens under the impression they're holding on a day.

When the Territorial Council gathered at the place splendor of the Explorer Hotel ballroom in January, the 15 Canadian faced only three real northern Conservative Stuart Hodgson summed them up on opening day. Active land claims, resource development and responsible government. Unfortunately, these were precisely the three problems council failed to do anything about. A political development paper—a step toward self-government—did wind up as a whiplash. A lettered list of land claims are mailed. A bid to approve resource development—a yes vote for the Mackenzie Valley pipeline—was lost three times before council finally gave a laborious approval while existing policies



# Trade your hog for a Rabbit.

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you? All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago that's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.

For example, size. The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV, as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars, and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.

Even the key is padded for safety.

Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.

Shelf and seat fold down.

Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.

Flexible steering wheel.

Tilted engine, sloping hood, better visibility.

Sheet metal absorbs impact.

Engine sideways for more space.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

An amazing option on all VW Rabbits is a unique safety

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Sell another example: economy and performance.

The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 46 mpg on the highway, 30 mpg in the city. (Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

We've done it.



0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds.

A \$10,000 Alfa-Romeo doesn't do much better.

No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

There are more than 90,000 VW Rabbits



hopping around North America.

It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.

## The Amazing Rabbit

Our biggest sale was to Detroit's Big Three—56 Rabbits. We

don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colours.

They are tearing them to pieces

to find out how

we did it. We

did it the hard

way—from

scratch.

But it was

worth it.

The Rabbit

is a happy cat,

and we're happy with it.

At first, we were worried about the future of the car.

Now we've come up with the car of the future.



## The Polar Bear

(Cold comfort)

So many things go well with Smirnoff, that now, adventurous mixers are adding two ingredients to Smirnoff at once. One such concoction, using milk and maple syrup and dubbed the Polar Bear has found its way into our winter hands.

Like its namesake, the Polar Bear is white and on the ice. We are so pleased with its appearance and flavor that we want to share its pleasure with you.

To make a Polar Bear, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice, add 3 oz. milk, and 1/2 oz. maple syrup. Stir.



**Smirnoff**  
It leaves you breathless

## Preview

### THE MAN WHO'LL STAND TWIXT PIERRE AND THE PRYING PRESS

The recent appointment of Richard O'Flaherty to Pierre Trudeau's staff as special advisor on communications is part of a scramble to shore up a crumbling press and public relations operation. O'Flaherty was lured back from the post of ministerial secretary (communications) in Washington with the promise that he would not be the mere press secretary, a job he held under Lester Pearson himself; he is to supervise a wide-ranging reform of the government's public relations programs and take down the Prime Minister's Institute for coordination, while answering the seven-fold questions from journalists that nobody wants the press job. Courtney Tower, the acting press secretary, headed in his tenure in January. Pierre O'Neil, the former press secretary, quit in dismay last summer. O'Flaherty's appointment almost completes the New Face Of 1983 and that accomplished Lester Pearson was proved. *—The Gazette*

Karl Dreyer and Mary Macdonald—formerly influential Parliamentarians—are all lay people in the Trudeau campaign. Can Tom Keen (formerly leading Quebec's drive to rehabilitate Cape Breton economy) be far behind?

**Beer, women and some** Ottawans who can't afford the elegance of the Imperial Room in the Royal York Hotel (over change up to \$15) but still like a little entertainment with their pint of cold may have a treat in Ontario's liquor license. The LBO (Liquor Board) is looking for a new type of liquor license, the entertainment license. If there are any more movements to the local political scene, the LBO is willing to drop its usual 30-50-20 split for food and drink sales to a 10-50-40 and 70% drink ratio but a tax on beer and wine must be added. The new 10-50-40 split is a 10% tax on beer and wine and 50% on liquor. The new 70-30 split is a 10% tax on beer and wine and 30% on liquor. The new 10-50-40 split is a 10% tax on beer and wine and 50% on liquor. The new 70-30 split is a 10% tax on beer and wine and 30% on liquor. *—The Gazette*



The Blueshirts of London coming soon to a pub near you

good idea. Quebec Ministry of Transport officials claim Montreal has "second-tier" and should have a series of cheaper commuter passenger trains instead. Since the province has to guarantee the local share of municipal taxes, its message must be heard. *—The Gazette*

**Joke and the premier** The Canadian film makers the association is a team winning Saskatchewan's new government has gone Hollywood. The province will kick in \$300,000 of the \$1.1 million film. *—The Gazette*

**Matched that's where business** The province will kick in \$300,000 of the \$1.1 million film. *—The Gazette*

**Of the North** Not even the king of Nunavut Of the North has a Canadian record since its creation from

**Trouble down below** Major Jean Despres and his fellow city fathers had two grand dreams for Montreal this decade. One, the Olympic Games, they're going to get whatever the cost. But the second, a 12.5-mile extension to the city's underground mass transit, may be stopped dead in its tracks. The provincial government, which has been making over many of the powers of the Montreal urban community, says now it's no longer the ambitious subway system is a

**Blueshirts find name in Britain** The U.S. film community. Producer-director Otto Preminger (*Exodus*) the Canadian says he will preserve for history the life of Dr. Norman Bethune, the Canadian surgeon who is venerated by the Communist Chinese as a revolutionary hero. Preminger's bid for this sensitive look at a martyr's life. *—The Gazette*

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Blueshirts find name in Britain

The U.S. film community. Producer-director Otto Preminger (*Exodus*) the Canadian says he will preserve for history the life of Dr. Norman Bethune, the Canadian surgeon who is venerated by the Communist Chinese as a revolutionary hero. Preminger's bid for this sensitive look at a martyr's life. *—The Gazette*



In the spring of 1935, Clark and Minner questioned Longfellow promptly about her intentions. The Premier assured them he would not run, but as June made a speech in Halifax that left the impression that he would be elected, Clark was alarmed and persuaded him again: "Some of us have to know," he said. Surmised that Longfellow would stay out, Clark began to learn seriously the pleadings of some of his close friends. Many of them had wanted to run for the Liberal Party in the 1935 federal election. Two highly young Montreal lawyers—Jean Dorian and Maciel Goff, who had worked with Clark in the 1907 leadership run of David Frazee—thought he should run, although Goff was not a lawyer. Clark was not open to another good friend, Brian Mulroney. Last fall, after first works in France, Clark learned that he was too young, although he was still worried he was too young. The key sticking on the road to candidacy took place in the summer of 1935, when Clark's law partner overbooked the North Saskatchewan River. Clark arrived about 11 p.m. after a flight from Ottawa. Tired, he slumped in a white, carved-back Swedish chair or Jankov's living room, listening to the radio people in the room arguing him out of running. He was not alone. A woman, a regular client, Clark indicated must be a serious interest. Then Elvire Vidal, an Edmonton lawyer, put it directly to Clark: "Does that mean you're ready to go?" Clark replied "Yes." The room was filled with friends, many were arguing with him, but Clark was not alone. Clark's affirmation was the signal they looked into the network of friends.

Stevens and Clark (left): It does make strange bedfellows. Toronto Mayor David Crombie, Huiefield and Pless (above): soup for the Tory messes. Wagner (right): there but for the grace of a few more votes...

Tens of Clark convention workers were to ensure their mass franchise in Iowa third on the first ballot, ahead of Hines. Although the possibility of a Hines victory was small, it was the first obstacle for Clark, as his office was prevented to smother its identity signs and outlook by delegates at first. They were sent together to find Torrey against the right of Hines. But Hines, Hines, Schuler, and Clark, Wagner and the chairman of Bruce McHenry. In fact and impatience, the Clark-McDonald forces were a study in contrast to the supporters of Hines, Hines, Wagner and McHenry. Torrey, his political-poor opinion to Hines, was not in the open. Wagner was secret. He avoided reporters to sit in on strategy meetings and attacked her opponents not to damage her opponents. The Hines campaign was people by its own nature of Clark's Iowa, thirty years ago. Hines was not sent from the Torrey. The new Hines campaign

[illegible]





# Orphans of the storm

MOST OF THE 4,200 VIETNAMESE ARRIVED IN MONTREAL WITH LITTLE MORE THAN THE CLOTHES THEY FLEW IN. SOME, HOWEVER, HAD MUCH MORE—GENERAL DANG VAN QUANG, FOR EXAMPLE

By Marci McDonald

In the crowded basement barge hall of Montreal's church of St. Marguerite-Marie, the explosion is quick and disquieting. A hundred unidentifiable shrieks erupt like the sound of distant mortars. Smoke billows up over the rows of the burned-out canvas tents like saturated red blossoms and the sweet smell of sulfur permeates the air. The children weep and wimper for cover, hands pressed to their ears but back in the rows of wooden chairs among the others a gentle hush raised. Le Thanh sits, suddenly glassy-eyed. For on the 21st, the day she marks the biggest day of the Vietnamese New Year of the dragon, she knows that it will take more than the ritual tattoo of 100 incisions to drive off the evil spirits and haunting memories of the bad old year just behind.

At the back of the hall, other Vietnamese struggle to believe her. Salvation Army overalls and bright fabric for parties piled over Sunday-best suits and long silk Ao-Dai. They are still in, still dazed from negotiating the snowbanks and ice-choked streets of the city's latest blizzard, still queering from the walk those go this cold so getting that back home, on a balmy February night among the peach blossoms of Saigon, a body still never has unsteadied it. But down, like hers, her longer journey, tortuous and uncharted, from the land whose pigged yellow surface is panned up on the back wall behind the altar. It is a journey that begins in Rome last piano-corded hour of April 30 with the abrupt American exodus, as the Viet Cong marched down from the north and into the city with flowers skewered on their bayonets and the population fled before them with whatever could be carried. Le Thanh, her husband and three children ran for the last occasion atop to leave the harbor and for three-day orders blaring from the apartment on its cramped and aquated open fields without shelter no food or water, babies lying here and dying all around them, but somehow they endured it, lived through the fearful khaki tent cities of the refugee camps and waded down the swollen river gorges, through the bays, but here, here, nearly 11 months later, strangers as a strange and frozen land.

Up on the stage, a bearded elder in a long purple robe with intricate patterns himself

before the sacrificial altar laden with glass and fresh pineapples. He notes these long brown wands in the air like the entire and offers up his annual report to the ancestors, pleading for their benediction through the frail streamers of incense spiraling toward heaven and the writhing paper of the barge hall. Back home in their spacious Saigon houses, Le Thanh herself would have prepared such an altar, but at the dingy shelter three rooms apart from the lives in now, its only furniture a second-hand Formica table, five wooden chairs and a telephone on a cushioned box, she did not have the heart, or the energy. In Vietnam her husband had been a

respected doctor, but these days he studies far into the night for the exams that will allow him to be a nurse intern, and so Le Thanh must support them. She asks for night leaves a day, three dollars an hour, sewing sleeves on blouses for a 100-dollar immigrant women, all hers over their husbands in the overly crowded of Montreal clothing mill, women who cannot communicate with her or know that once she wins famous pop singer, the toast of Saigon nights in and the Vietnamese nightclubs.

Now the elder calls Le Thanh to the stage and, linked by a plodding twinkle guitar she hits her cello soprano in a song called Winter Night. It is a song of exile of plumes remembered and never to be returned to. Suddenly, in the midst of it, her voice breaks, and the sound fills the hall with the sweetest heartrending tone. Cry then call on Le Thanh. Sing along with—Who knows that I am here on a winter night? The audience grows hushed and many-eyed with her. Old women weep and cry for a few lived moments in the hall in an one, stand in a common sorrow, a shared poverty and the agony of being Vietnamese.

Across the hall, another Vietnamese sits alone in his nondescript apartment this new year, some homes at the hall and the homes of his countrymen. Isolated, penniless, threatened by a government deportation order here and unwanted anywhere else, he is a parish among his own people, although people that most famous Vietnamese in Canada. General Dang Van Quang. Here in the hall, those darker at the mention of him. The Vietnamese are a superstitious people and on this first day of the year they do not want to hear the name that has already brought them searched at home and across each village has a new lead. "We do not want to talk of General Quang," says Le Thanh's husband, as she weeps. "It is because of the corruption of people like General Quang that the government has fallen. It is because of General Quang that we have lost everything and are homeless. He bears the scorn of the Vietnamese people on his head."

Then they sell a everywhere, sudden and uncontrollable. Le Thanh sits each day since she has come here—there the



Dr. Pham Van, president of one of five Vietnamese associations in Montreal, at year of the dragon festival.



A refugee (above) reads to her daughter from a Washington-based Vietnamese magazine. Le Thanh (left), once the most popular singer in Saigon, broke into tears singing of exile and loss.

Another great year.



That makes 225.

So it isn't just Luck, Boucard Aine & Fils have made nine more big generations. Since 1790. And our Beaujolais Superior remains as delicious and exuberant as ever because all that experience goes into every bottle every year. So enjoy the quality of two and a quarter centuries of history. With another great year of our Beaujolais Superior.

Boucard Aine & Fils  
Beaujolais Superior

had immigration officers had no patience for "What more do you want?" they barked. "You got out with your wife and family, didn't you?" But Le Thanh could not understand. His family was his mother and father, sons and grandchildren and sisters whom the kind lady had lost his wife. She had saved her children, but lost her family. "In Vietnam, to leave one's family," says Le Thanh's husband, "is as the death of a life." And so now, slowly they had built a new life, their relatives who chose Canada because they had relatives here waiting or because they had learned French during France's long occupation or even because the Canadian immigration officers happened to stop up at the airport came. There are 6,793 of them in all, the largest immigrant influx at any one time to any one place in this country since the Singaporean freedom fighters arrived 17 years ago. They came with their goods and money and as many American dollars as they could draft into their suitcases, here and there the tiny gold wafer of a gold seal or diamond seen into a pocket lining, but for the most part they came penniless, and now this 4,200 of them chose to stay in Montreal. So Mr. Xie, "Xie Vietnamese village" they call the 30-block stretch of Dubouche Avenue stretching beyond the University of Montreal where most of them have settled. It is a community in microcosm, a society ready, wretched and uncomplained, torn half a world away, its fears and fancies, its pleasures, old enemies and ancient hatreds carried with it, sometimes rubbing one with collision.

There the former colonists to Thailand and now selling life insurance, and there is Kim Ching, the most famous model actress in all of Vietnam, with her five daughters, three homes and stable of racehorses, who now babbles in her small house in quietest Montreal her kin for a new year's play with neighbors and guests on the walls. There is the family who fed with so little the wife had to sell her engagement ring for the passage, but as they lived along their old street. And there is the former journalist who sat with the two wives allowed him under Vietnamese law, who finally solved his problem by moving wife number two into the family apartment, but took to introducing her as his cousin. He's too close to the old politics. The Thieu family and the Ky family and its ever-looming like a distant specter, there are the Communists, here reduced to a hard-core cadre of 300 ex-students who have created a church hall in a house for 10 years and now their education designed to leave the refugees into their midst—not brace, perhaps, with their skills and know-how, back home to rebuild a ravaged Vietnam. To most of the refugees, however, the Communists are an ugly horror and reason for their flight, and the files that are being prepared to send back to Ho Chi Minh City which the relatives will be sought out and persecuted "They think we are devils," says one of the

Communists who runs a restaurant the colleagues all shuddered at. "They think we are going to eat them."

But that is a society whose black is never really black, nor white white, and whose loyalists are seldom loyal. It is a criminal, secretive society, where a conversation proceeds elliptically, an introduction is never made without a connection and the letters sent away like rice paper to seal at the surface. It is not entirely ungrateful that, although there are now a half dozen Vietnamese restaurants in Montreal, the only one the Vietnamese themselves go to is secret, underground and illicit—a private one-room apartment where a supper serves up Vietnamese curries on two bowls, one in black, when business is brisk, on a bed. In this society, a small group gathers one afternoon to denounce General Quong to a journalist, but just outside the living room door are waiting four young people of whose house Quong stayed when he first came here. On another evening, in another small cramped apartment where eight people share two bedrooms, Miss Nguyen Thi Ly, older sister of the former president and Banhangviet, the so-called Nguyen-Cook Ky, serves a vast traditional Vietnamese delicacies, baskets of shrimp and delicate pastel-colored seafood wafers. But after leaving the home of the house, guests were met with her kind skepticism. Untrue to my host's room is used as the secret book that has changed General Quong, *The Politics of Fear in South-east Asia*. "Once the house is processed and protected in large, police compounds, other exposed individuals to the Ky apartment take charge of arranging chapters to South Vietnam. Miss Nguyen Thi Ly, Ky's older sister, had donated much of the tollie from the Soldier Police Hotel in Phnom Penh where her brother was prisoner. In this society, a man's reputation from a war which left so divided with corruption that on the end it supplied, money to the state (it was inevitable that with the war Vietnam should have come the war criminals) and the state would use it to buy a "pacification" council under which the CIA-embarked Phnom Penh program was carried out—leaving more villages in chaos and at least 20,000 assassinated is suggested. Van Cong, a collaborator—assured in Montreal last May that of arranging delegations from his fellow refugees, he suddenly disappeared. Now he lives in a Xie Mr. apartment and jobs for \$25 an hour on an automobile assembly-line job at Magna Power found him, while his wife serves as a \$13-an-hour secretary to a college graduation program, paid by a federal grant. She has been with her coworkers to secrecy—a promise they have kept, for no doubt it is enough that she is shunned by her countrymen. "I feel pain"—it is part—day says of her husband's pain.

But they do not feel the same about Daug Van Quong, once the second most powerful man in Vietnam and the general

aid to be the most corrupt of all. Too many over the years have had to pay General Quong millions of Vietnamese dollars for protection, from the his signature on their exit visas, and for him the price has been greater than money. In an apartment over a restaurant, an old woman reads disconsolately on the table in talking. French law she paid her nearly \$1,000 for the passports to get her husband and three children out of the country, but in the end only her own passport came on time. On the phone she cried her out of Saigon last April, two weeks before the fall of her city. However, were they of General Quong's own children, flying to Montreal to seek their parents' certainty planned until "Papa? Papa?" she sobbed. "Why are there no law for General Quong's children and one for the rest of us?" she had only her hair had down. "Send him back to Vietnam," she said. "It is only just. Let him be judged by his own people."

For many, the beginning of the end of the war in Vietnam came in the new year of 1968, when, after the famous Tet offensive, the second imperial capital of Hue fell. In the months thereafter, a handful of the wealthiest Vietnamese quickly fled to Montreal, brought property and valuable landed emigrants, though some were not to leave here until years later. But this was their escape route, painstakingly plotted, their insurance against the future. "They passed their documents and their work back and forth the last blood out of the country," says a former official, bitterly. "They are the robbers and rustlers of Vietnam."

So Daik Nam, a man who had once been added for selling drugs to the street but whose Tet money drug corporation nevertheless went on to control the government pharmaceutical monopoly, became a landed entrepreneur in 1976, although he properly became a resident in 1981 to do business and his wife, the great and good friend of President Thieu, remained here until the end. He furnished enough money out of the country to take over the next year he was able to buy a \$75,000 high-level Quebec hotel where he installed his relatives, a \$500,000 motel on a sportsman building and the large downtown Montreal Hotel Le Solle, which was once Montreal's most exclusive and cosmopolitan hotel, although he has since sold it. This summer after the fall of Saigon, he bought an even larger house in the Town of Mont Royal for \$180,000—\$145,000 of that paid in cash. Shortly after, 54 parking spaces at the new Montreal airport were sold to him. They were immediately slipped with increasing order by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of Vietnam, demanding—that it be paid by its own officials in Quong—that they wanted an assurance that had disappeared from the original palace at that in 1968. At present, however, disconcerted only by his status and cheap Hong Kong rates, al-

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though they found it passing strange that, somewhere along the coast, the cruise had been misdirected from North's home to his new one and that many things seemed to be wrong in newspapers from 1968.

At first, their controversial figure, Nguyen Tan Dos, became a loaded misnomer in April, 1968, buying enough resources to buy an \$85,000 house in Notre-Dame-de-Grace and, just around the corner from it, a sprawling 16,540,000 apartment complex, which sold for only \$10. Dos then ran right around and returned to Saigon to run his Tin Nguia Hotel—the second largest bank in South Vietnam—and overtook his four Saigon hotels—littered with prostitution and drug trafficking—but he was back to be elected as a member of the national assembly and shortly after to be jailed in a prison bus crash scandal in which some six million dollars was reported missing. Still, he was let out of jail in the Viet Cong approach to the city and in the Saigon refugee camp, and it wasn't long before he was on his way back to Canada with his wife revitalized as a "returning resident." His Montreal lawyer Harry Bink, a skilled immigration specialist and deputy speaker of the Quebec legislature, had flown over to the Thai camp with Dos's papers, and Canadian immigration officials were only too happy to help him—thoroughly unaware of Dos's dealings in politics and jail, both of which would have disqualified him. In the prison Minister Robert Andrieu has pointed out that, once released, his papers offered him an irrevocable haven—which was handy considering that by the time Dos arrived here, General Quang, his wife and three children were already ensnared in his house. Dos has never tried to distance himself from Quang, and his daughter says the last publicity has brought him nothing but trouble—although his freedom for years did not seem to have suffered. Last December, after the publicity had blown over, Dos bought the 40-unit Hotel Le Marquis near Montreal's Olympic site for \$450,000.

If General Quang did not prepare his exit quite as delicately as his own patrons, there was no doubt he paved his way. In the last years of Saigon it was well known that the general's businessmen could only be bought with American dollars, which were easily transported out of the country. He had sent all his children out ahead of him. The last three of them were shipped off to Dos's house on board in mid-April, two weeks before the fall of Saigon. They left just days after the Canadian government had let it be known that anyone with relatives here would be accepted as refugees, thus ensuring that a parent's entry into Canada added protection. Dos's son notified officials that he would join Quong, and a letter of that information had been sent from Ottawa to the Canadian immigration official presiding at the refugee camp in Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, who had it as his wish—although he protests he did not

know who Quang was. But it would be difficult not to know who General Quang was considering the fact that his fellow refugees at Chaffee had witnessed his life and he had been confined to the basic hospital at our point for his own protection. Certainly, he was far from Canadian immigrants and those who had to wait. He had been seen by his clearly marked and heard him announce himself loudly and privately, much to their amusement. For they thought a defunct general could not be so swagger as Quong was in Montreal, he was preceded by immigration officers in civilian headquarters at the downtown Quong's Hotel where the Vietnamese

immigrants can recall recognizing him. Indeed, it is odd that Canadian authorities would avoid being twiggled to a man that had, over the years, been so well publicized as General Quong's. In 1970, on the floor of the national assembly, two Vietnamese senators had denounced Quong as one of the regime's most corrupt officials. In 1971, he had broadcast over continuous radio TV that something he "extremely reliable source" Quong was "the biggest pusher" of heroin in South Vietnam. The following year Francis Fraser (who had identified him in his Pulitzer-prize-winning book, *Five in the Lake*) is running a brick road as a first aid and opium over when he had been

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Fourth Corps commander is the Military Police—just Ky finally fired him from its post for the officially stated reason of "corruption," although Quang was sure to become back even more powerful than perhaps the most defensible study of all, Allied Forces in Southeast Asia, had indicated eerily just how Quang had controlled the house inside what he headed at least 30,000 American troops through his position as Thien's right-hand man and power broker—the bagman for his rigid disciplinarian and the presidential military adviser who oversees the army, navy and secret police, and thus the major means of drug traffic and weapons. In fact as late as the very week Quang was being processed at "Chiffre," Newnam said a cover story noting the general's favored life music end from Saigon and his history of corruption.

Still, it was nearly two months after General Quang had been granted his special Canadian ministerial entry permit—two months of nagging questions in which he had been denounced by Ky, General Westmoreland, a fellow Vietnamese general and once a fellow U.S. state department official who called him "the epitome of everything that was wrong in South Vietnam"—that Andre finally submitted he was convinced the general wasn't exactly a desirable alien and moved a deportation order. It is this long, washed, all-foul reference which has given some of his other refugees pause (he thought "He thought the Canadian government admits only people of high morality" precedes one old man. "Why General Quang got out of Chiffre so quickly? Why he has a special visa? Now I wonder about the government of Canada.")

General Quang is crying. It is the week day of new year and he is alone in his second-story apartment as an official in the St. Lawrence, where suddenly in mid-evening, great alligator men roll down his corridor. His fat brown Buddha's body shakes with little sobs. "I suffer so much," he cries for the twentieth time. "Lots, calculations they say to me. People have blessed my name. I have no friends. Nothing. I am like a leper." He pulls in the long, only black mouse skinned from his shiny nose to show his grey hair like some of the apartment's women in front of of White Vapokuk keeps a fire lit to show his poverty. "You think I love life that I have money?" he asks. Then reminded, he pompously maps up his tears, a brief squall and goes back to growling out how poor he is.

"Oh, I am having every penny in my food just to survive. But to look at him one would hardly think that the general is in need of a good meal. He played short in substandard where his belly spills over his thin frame. His face has puffed up massively the reason he has now forfeited his photograph in two weeks of unsuccessful refugees. He is the only fat Vietnamese I have seen—and the one with the embest

quarters. This three-bedroom, conversion apartment on the peak is indeed elegantly of New's Island, even for \$139 a month and he has been here for eight months now, still his while waiting that his savings are due to run out any minute.

Although he has not received a penny of government assistance, Canadian officials were proved aware that he had, indeed, at the height of the general's salary, while other Vietnamese were left to fend for their own apartments, a federal Manpower officer named Jean Lacombe helped to find Quang not only this apartment, just down the street from his own, but a second one on the same floor which Quang says he rented from June to October for his own use who have now gone back to the United States. He says, however, not only that, and more that could hardly be denied—two cashes, a ring, a little milk, large color tv on one



Quang's old woman, but his tears are suspiciously like those of the alligator

red table, an old transistor radio on another, two dozen roses tucked under the office table and not just an ordinary phone, but a bright blue Casio portable which moves from room to room with plug-in jacks. For a man without a country, the general seems to have acquired a tidy supply of worldly goods. Books are piled on all the end tables—two thick Bibles under a crucifix and countless titles on the magical prayer. The general who professes to spend more time in prayer than any part of his experience, says he has always been religious—"but now I am even more religious"—although where, puzzled, he does seem to taking time out for the occasional tv Western starring John Wayne.

Neither position has really been interrupted, however, by any energetic pursuit of a new household. After being rejected by the United States as a refugee, he applied months ago at the American consulate in Montreal as an ordinary immigrant, although a woman surely he would ever come find there is any person-time job he could fill that no American is qualified for. Indeed, a U.S. state depart-

ment official has said cordially that America wasn't part of Quang and more than one source has reported that his last phone call from East Chiffre was to a former associate in Washington to go him out of the camp—and Quang—free. The agency, now under heavy investigation, actually may have been happy to oblige a man who knew the darkest side of that side of things in Southeast Asia. There is speculation that the Canadian government owed the CIA a favor, that Quang had at one time been on the payroll of Canadian intelligence and that there was even a plan to provide him with a government "safe home" in the Gatineau outside Ottawa. Still, it is all speculation—much Quang was off with a gaggle in a weekend, now that he has quickly recovered from his crying. "The CIA—I see, I mean a difficult social affairs in Saigon—you know we must cooperate—but never I know for them?" He laughs off the charges of corruption. "Which government is not corrupt in the world, particularly in a war situation? It's really not a bribe. This is a token of gratitude they offer me. In every country, it happens all the time." He does not seem worried about his fate, and indeed, why should he be? It is nearly a year since he arrived here—more than six months since he was ordered deported—and the immigration department, which has been known to ship out penniless American deserters on 24-hour notice, has made only the vaguest noises, when prompted, about sending him back to Vietnam. "They cannot. This is inhuman," he says. "That is against the Geneva Convention. They cannot force you to go to your death." A spokesman for Andre's department says he has not ruled out the possibility that Quang may stay here on humanitarian grounds, but deportation order reversed. "It is up to the charity of the Canadian people," beams the general. "I think the Canadian people are very sympathetic people. I would say thank you. Please say I'm sincere."

It has grown late, the winter dusk closes in and he has stayed longer than he was scheduled in. Being sent to return to the apartment, one of them is being asked of a boy whom Quang identifies as a love or friend, although he looks more like a bodyguard. Suddenly Quang makes a last plea. "Please, no write too much about me," he says. "All is quiet now, it dies down. If you put it up, the opposition—they said me more." The same thought may have crossed the Canadian government's collective mind. Without the press, Quang's entry might never have been noticed and his deportation order might have died out, ignored. It has been a long, slow-burning question, but in Montreal, 4,200 Vietnamese refugees were patiently knowing that the theme must necessarily win its way toward the end of its first, and, like the deportation of this, was a wrong of the evil reminder of a life they have left behind.

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and puns than you. Some idea of the size of these lesser opportunities can be gleaned from the fact that in Ontario in 1973 there were 76,000 events (counted under the law as lotteries). These 76,000 events—mostly bingo, service-club raffish and the like—grossed just under \$200 million and returned roughly \$83 million in presumably worthy causes. The lottery explosion across all the main philosophical when it is realized that it was only six years ago that parliament amended the Criminal Code to legalize provincial lotteries. Before 1970, drunken cheating Canadians who wanted to risk a few dollars in the hope of winning money were limited to the (justifi-

cally Irish Heapsies!) Sweepstakes.

Of course, lotteries in one form or another have been with us a long time. The Canadians used to organize their (a partial) Renaissance Two hundred years ago at the American revolutionary war was breaking out, the U.S. Congress authorized a national lottery. But, in Canada's despite ubiquitous Klinge parties and occasional charity raffles, there was little reason a decade ago to anticipate today's lottery mania. When the province of Quebec declared Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau's 1967 45-cent "voluntary two-dollar tax" lottery to be illegal (the province knew the mayor was on to a good thing, it didn't

want any time getting ready to go into the business itself). Loto-Quebec, a Crown corporation that runs lotteries on behalf of that province, has been the godfather to the industry at large in Canada. Loto-Quebec, an artistic success, willingly assumed the Olympic Lottery when it started up (Helmut Kohl, the driving force of the Olympic Code, is a former Loto-Quebec executive). In turn, the Olympic Lottery acted as a friendly comrade to Wistaria when the Ontario government decided to play.

Lotteries are an extraordinarily profitable business. Consider the example of the Olympic Games. They are able to generate hundreds of millions of dollars simply by promising to pay out 35% of the turnover in prizes. Of the balance, 40% goes to cover the committee organizing the Montreal games, 10% is taken up by administrators, 10% by sales commissions, and 25% goes to the province. Put another way, the overhead is low; the profits sky-high. The Olympic Lottery has only 18 employees, and as one of them says, "There's not as much business in the world with a \$200-million-a-year turnover and only 18 employees." Guy Senneker, general manager of the Western Canada Lottery Foundation, says he was astonished by the performance of the province's operation when he left. From June, 1974, through four draws, the Western Canada Lottery grossed \$12 million, but only paid out four million dollars in prizes. The balance, less \$2.3 million in administrative costs, went to the four western provinces. Now, though, the Western Canada Lottery has streamlined its operation and upgraded the prize money to an average 35% of sales. "We've been giving the worst odds of any of the major lotteries," Senneker says matter-of-factly. "But our public isn't sophisticated enough to appreciate bad odds. At the risk of sounding patronizing, I'd say we've had to lead the western public."

The public. Who buys tickets, and why? The answers are easy. Almost everyone and to win big money. Although every legal lottery in Canada claims to be in the aid of some worthy cause—religious, charitable, athletic, cultural, and so on—very few anyone believes people buy tickets for altruistic reasons. Roger Savoy, the general Montrealer who, as Ontario director of the Olympic Lottery, grossed over nine of almost \$30 million per draw, seems amused by the question. "Have you a friend in the Olympics in our talk?" he repeats. "I would say very little. Maybe 1%, maybe less. People buy our tickets because they hope to win a million dollars. It's as simple as that, and it's why I believe the \$100 ticket will increase after the Olympics are over." John Griffin, who manages the Saskatchewan Loto (total prize money \$225,000 to \$130,000, with a top award of \$100,000), puns more bluntly. "We base all our marketing strategy on greed. It's our big selling point. People don't buy tickets because they want to help a cause. They buy tickets

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because they want to win." Jack Skayne agrees, but with an important qualification. Skayne is the 63-year-old manager of the annual lottery held by Toronto's Betscan Centre for Genetic Care, which embraces a Jewish home for the aged and a naturopathic hospital, among other facilities. "I believe our charity appeal has an impact, that it helps our cause," Skayne says. "I'm not saying that we'd get the same support without giving away prizes, because the lottery is an incentive for people to contribute."

The idea that you can do something nice for yourself (and while doing something nice for others [charity lots] is fundamental) is rare in lotteries in Canada. The "worthy cause" doesn't help or prevent the distribution scheme what would normally be a well-kept secret view that lotteries are purely financial, fund-raising vehicles that was the view back in the bad old days when would-be winners bought their Swedish tickets surreptitiously in backshops, pool halls and cigar stores. Today they can buy tickets at their banks. As Roger Savak puts it: "Once the tickets came in [to the Olympic distribution network], we had in mind Canadians have a good deal of faith in their banks." They obviously do. And at many public auctions toward lotteries have softened as the lotteries have proliferated. A Gallup Poll dated in June of last year for the Ontario Lottery Corp., which runs Western, found that 85% of the population supported the idea of a provincial lottery and that 71% bought tickets. Only 8% were opposed, while 7% had no opinion. Despite such overwhelming approbation, governments continue wary. Most provinces insist their lottery profits be earmarked for socialized or cultural projects. Western, for example, promotes funds for everything from mountain bums heads to jetties in heaven, and urges Ontario construction not groups to work to the government if they can think of a project that might qualify. Since Western has outperformed even the most optimistic profit forecasts (in less than a year it is opening up a rate of return thought it would be lucky to reach in three years), Culture and Recreation Minister Robert Wells is unimpressed with such Quebec, which possesses its Canadian lotteries, is less equivocal, preferring to spend its lottery profits as it sees fit. There are not exceptions, having announced in an estimated \$15 million in 1975 (thanks to the 50-cent weekly Mini-Loto, the two-dollar monthly Lotto-Loto, the five-dollar biweekly Super-Loto, and the one-dollar weekly Loto 6/49). As Finance Minister Raymond Charbonneau has remarked: "Lotto-Quebec is one of the reasons I have not had to raise taxes for five years." In the meantime, Quebec is now like the 13 American states operating lotteries that in Canadian comparisons. The U.S. state-run games are regarded as increasingly revenue generators, and last year raised an estimated \$380 million for long-term



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governments. As economic woes continue to plague Canada's provincial governments, the lottery looks like an increasingly attractive alternative to tax increases. Says Nova Scotia Recreation Minister A. Garnet Brown: "People seem to have taken to the lottery idea, and we know it can generate revenue for the province."

Brown, a gregarious politician, sees nothing wrong with lotteries as a way to raise money. "If people don't like them, then they don't have to buy the tickets. It's one money, don't it?"

Is Brown right? Or are lotteries what their detractors claim—a tax on the poor? A confidential report prepared for the Ontario cabinet makes the claim that Quebec and U.S. studies show "that income is not a factor in buying tickets." The report says that buying in Pennsylvania was fairly consistent among income groups ranging from no dollars a year to \$25,000. In Quebec, it says, the bulk of tickets sold went to people making between \$3,000 and \$10,000 (1977 salary levels). Incapacitated, however, the report discusses without comment its own figures showing that nearly the same number of tickets were sold to people making less than \$3,000 a year as were sold to people making more than \$10,000—although in terms of percentage of income the poor were obviously playing lotteries far, far more heavily than the affluent.

What is it that sends defeated-looking little women to the bingo halls, that leads prisoners to spend scarce dollars on million-dollar dreams, that tempts working girls to skip lunches in favor of buying Western tickets? And is whatever it is likely to do serious harm? The hope for instant riches is the most frequently given answer to the first question. And, aside from a few disbelievers, there seems to be agreement that the answer to the second is that the lotteries bring a harmless enough Canadian, for all their sudden inflation, one player who is content to spend on lotteries. We spend slightly more than \$40 per capita annually, the Western Europeans spend \$70, the British anywhere from \$156 to \$125 (depending on how the figure is calculated), the Japanese \$223. Obviously, there is still plenty of room for growth here—especially when Canada's relatively higher salaries are taken into account. In fact, such incidents of mass behavior as Toronto psychiatrist Miao Tyndel think the lotteries bring may even be healthy. "I don't see any real danger to the national moral fabric," says Tyndel, who studied gambling psychology while working with Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation. "Mass gambling becomes gambling, a challenging game. We must all live with it. It's a challenge to our nature. If we didn't find an outlet in buying lottery tickets we might find one somewhere else. Dealing, for instance. Or something equally dangerous. Lotteries offer ordinary people a thrill, and they provide a harmless safety valve."

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Canada will be increasingly dependent on oil from other countries.

That trend can be reversed with time and the necessary effort and investment.

The Geological Survey of Canada reports that Canada has large reserves of petroleum waiting to be discovered and developed. A part of these lie in the hostile environment of the Arctic and offshore in the Atlantic, where the petroleum industry has already made some significant discoveries. Work is going ahead on production from the oil sands and other heavy oil deposits, but these are very costly to develop and the technology is not yet available to realize their full potential.



Canada has the potential resources, but potential reserves are a far cry from a home or foreign supply.



Imperial Oil Limited.  
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Canada's oil industry has demonstrated that it has the persistence, the experience and the expertise to turn potential reserves into actual supply.

However, tremendous investment will have to be made to do this.

Governments maintain policies that billions of dollars should be invested each year in petroleum development.

Invested Oil, for example, has been spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year to find and develop new petroleum resources and to provide the techniques needed to fill the growing demand for oil products.

Petroleum development is risky, but investors have demonstrated they will put up the money needed if they know that, should their investment prove successful, they will get a fair return.

Investor confidence that will provide a continued high level of development by the petroleum industry depends on reliable, stable government policies.

With such policies, the usual reward increasing Canadian dependence on foreign oil can be reversed.

"City of Good Rapids" the sign says, "a good place to live." But, too, for many of our inhabitants—a perspective, among handicapped, devout, self-righteous, proud, conservative citizens, a place that forces our families to pay taxes to support a city with steadily rising, well-trodden roads and revolving signs—Jesse will never fail to see Gateway Moral Efficiencies. "All Brides 40-50% off." "Let us kneel before the Lord our maker." Yarnish, 25% discount." Catholics and Christians are joined, in the morning, by the same sign: "Prayer." The President: This is his town, not only in the sense that he resides from Glenside Rapids but in the sense that he never really left it. He moved east physically in 1948, when he went to Washington and Congress, but spiritually, essentially, he is still part of the town. He is still a resident of the town, and he will, he came back one day and he will.

"City of Good Rapids" the sign says, "a good place to live." But, too, for many of our inhabitants—a perspective, among handicapped, devout, self-righteous, proud, conservative citizens, a place that forces our families to pay taxes to support a city with steadily rising, well-trodden roads and revolving signs—Jesse will never fail to see Gateway Moral Efficiencies. "All Brides 40-50% off." "Let us kneel before the Lord our maker." Yarnish, 25% discount." Catholics and Christians are joined, in the morning, by the same sign: "Prayer." The President: This is his town, not only in the sense that he resides from Glenside Rapids but in the sense that he never really left it. He moved east physically in 1948, when he went to Washington and Congress, but spiritually, essentially, he is still part of the town. He is still a resident of the town, and he will, he came back one day and he will.

Young Jerry with his dog Rusty; at Ford's side: the Bull Terrier



**Littlefield** to attend his church is to court controversy in Grand Rapids, if not hostile

**Guested** (3) the war, of the new edition, his post-Quaker



Single Scout Ford (left) gives a 10000 Ford work, always being, straight ahead—the pride of Grand Rapids, U.S.A.

Just a few years ago the first military, Ford announced his engagement to the bride of Grand Rapids, U.S.A.



The Farel family in 1930: hardy (in fact, some say it's no harder than the life of the



APIDS  
IDENT  
ITES  
ORD

in a stock of football and baseball. He took six years to complete his law degree, but graduated in the top third of his class. It takes time, but he got there. He moved to Grand Rapids just as America entered World War II, so he joined the navy and emerged after 40 months of active duty, as a lieutenant commander, with a commendation for steadiness and leadership. Then he came home again—prosperity had moved the family back to even Grand Rapids—and resumed law just long enough to launch his career in Republican politics.

Grand Rapids was in a high old ferment as the Republican primary loomed in 1948. Preston DeLoe, controller of the Federal Treasury, was warning that inflation had become "active and dangerous," and Ford could see that it had. In Grand Rapids, they were taking 40 cents a pound for coffee, just had raised to 12 cents a tin, and you had to fork out 49 cents for a pound of coffee steak. The Cold War was just launched, and in the Grand Rapids Press David Lawrence was urging the Truman government, which everyone knew was about to get kicked by Thomas Dewey, to "cooperate fully in exposing all the facts that are in any way with Russian spy rings and activities." It was an unrelenting fire all around. Lana Turner, sung by choruses that she was running to fish, landed on "I just saw Bob Hayworth, and she's faster than lightning."

There were even more serious problems. The 5th congressional district of Michigan, with Grand Rapids at its center, was represented by Bertel Jenkins, a rural politician, and, while the area had been

strongly Republican since World War II it had learned—along with Ford—that there were points to such a policy. Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the local hero, had national notoriety and now backed the United Nations, and many of the local establishment switched with him—although not Jenkins. Besides, Jenkins was the boss of the local Republican machine, dominated by Frank D. McKay, the party boss and local and people who led up with him. One of those ready to look over the boss was Republican campaigner Paul G. Goebel, pursued in a local sporting goods store. Later Ford Goebel was a war veteran and a former football star at Michigan. He went on to play professionally with Red Grange, and became one of the nation's top players. Goebel was known as the "pry-cake" and looked at it as a 74 score left, handsome and energetic man who recalls that the year in 1948 was pretty close—"McKay was a cracked nut, a bunch and Jenkins was his strong, and everybody knew it." Goebel thought young Jerry Ford, a longtime friend and the son of an ex-cop language friend, was just the man to beat Jenkins. "He is the fact that they can't," says the pry-cake "Nothin' but, but not dumb either. That's a bunch of crap." Ford's first debate with Jenkins took place in Downer (later Ford's church, and there was only a local lady, learned in politics, took some of his back on side. "If a gentleman will be sorry," she said. "This young man is ignorant."

It wasn't "dumb" and neither after he became President. Ford told a reporter that he didn't read books because he didn't

have time. That was attacked by the press office which said he reads one book a month. In his 1970 state of the union speech, Ford quoted approvingly from Tom Paine's Common Sense, but showed no sign of knowing anything about Paine, a drunken political, a political leader and hell-raiser who would not be allowed across the threshold of decent Grand Rapids homes. Ford also went to San Francisco and praised the good folk there for having recovered from the 1906 earthquake by their own efforts—not like these jerching beams in New York. In fact, the West Coast city had recovered massive federal aid, much of it through the hands of New York. There has always been a magnitude of general about some of Ford's public statements, but in 1948 ignorance was not a crippling handicap to a man who was hardworking, outgoing, handsome and sincere. Ford received the fifth district swing hands with everyone, and he knew—Jenkins on the ground against the fact. "You can't sit in the fact that the army and air force resources were not paid for three and four years, while the naval resources

were." Oh, that stung. It was a soft-core Jenkinsman he bested in the primary, too, because in election in Republican western Michigan, and Ford was able to overcome what had Indians in the crowd that he had engaged to marry Betty Bowser, who was not only a former member of the Martha Graham dance troupe—which was had—but a divorcee—which was some. The election moved the shock, and Ford went to Washington to battle the cry of government inaction, runaway inflation and Godless Communism.

He never forgot who he was, where he came from, or what he stood for. He returned unscathed in the town and was loved in Grand Rapids, circa 1948, and carried with him 12 votes. He answered criticism, performed thousands of favors for constituents, treated the party bosses with reverence and spoke often and powerfully of the American Way. He was loyal, as he had been brought up to be, and decent and kind and conservative. A Democratic opponent said of him that he would give his lunch to a hungry child, then go into Congress to vote against free milk for schools. He voted against civil rights legislation and welfare spending and for military appropriations. In this he was the representative of his people. Paul Goebel, who has been mayor of Grand Rapids three times, was described as not a perfect sounding board for the city, so I asked him about welfare and defense. About welfare he said: "I don't think people should be allowed to starve, but all these giveaways are killing us, ruining children. We have to have programs." About defense he said: "That's a very complex subject and I prefer to listen to the experts on the defense department. If they say they need the money, I say let them have it." That was when Ford says, now the 1976 budget calls for a cut of about \$14 billion in social welfare spending and a jump of \$2.4 billion in AFM. Congress don't spend in statutory dollars, only widows and orphans do.

Ford's conservatism was conservative: he voted on 4,000 pieces of legislation as a congressman and did not initiate a single one. He became House leader and then, though he never dreamed of the job, President, by getting elected going along. He kept his word, never held grudges, and worked steadily, accepting speaking engagements that crowded out his family for more than 20 years. He earned the trust of some politicians—such as Lyndon Johnson, who thought he was too dumb to walk and chew gum at the same time—but he earned the grudging attention of many more. When Watergate was over and the American people were thinking instead of his mistakes and ego and self-consciousness, there was good old Jerry Ford in the White House, looking solid and steady and secure. He didn't want the job, he appeared nervously unqualified to hold it, but he would give it a good old Grand Rapids try. He was a great whiff. "They tend to pull

make it a red letter day



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Jerry Ford's school days in the old 1920s photo (top student, left) and his first job as a bank clerk (bottom)



Ford the freshman member of Congress in 1949: he had no plans to rise higher

After playing at Michigan and coaching at Yale, Ford helped out at the old high school

The Fords with Mike, their firstborn

South Mike, Ford's old alma mater, today: it's called South Middle School, and the production has gone from all-white to 60% black







1

## ARGENTINA

## As Aschmann learned on the beach of Iquitos,

100

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100

had come to rely entirely on the strange relationship he had developed with Rega and ordered that her husband's body be kept at the palace as well, no allowing her to hold sessions with both spouses at the command of Rega.

Webb's labeling of Rega, rightly because the most powerful politician in the land. He was the acknowledged decision maker for the president, the political manipulator who used Webb to agitate his own power in government. He was actually doing this in the name of the labor movement, but in effect, he was the labor movement's general strike line commander in opposition to one of its own bolts. A week later, the another figure, now banned by Interpol, used the Prince place to fly from the country, taking with him millions of movement dollars. Since his de-

person, "including," as his few friends call her, has lost command of her body and many say, her mental perspective. She has reportedly had two nervous breakdowns, frequently breaks into tears and is prone to flinging objects. She cannot take food without pain and has persistent gall bladder attacks. She weighs only 82 pounds and her face has taken on a gray, haunted appearance.

During her 26-day leave of absence in December many said that Isabel spent much of her time in the palace attempting to communicate with her husband. And that is why her opponents think she will rack it up and the bitter end. They say the troubled Argentinian president believes that she is finding the only reason the cure about that ordered by the dead general. Even now as the system for her peculiar manager Isabel Paron fervently believes that she will find her sacred destiny and restore Argentina to Juan Paron's vision. JAMES NEILSON

Isabel last August when it became apparent many of her coalition supporters were deserting her and writing her off as an

Another reason for the army's reluctance to move is that it is involved in a long war with Marxist and left-wing guerrillas, whom it now believes to have fled the city. The revolutionaries suffered a devastating setback just before Christmas with

they tend to store the Monse Changolo a small in the suburbs of Buenos Aires as were summoned by the military who had been tipped off to expect a raid. Although the guerrillas still carry out occasional assassinations of military officers, the army

reason with this woman, she just doesn't listen," said a shaken Perazich, who decided after he had attempted to convince a minister. A passion for total acquiescence and unthinking loyalty is what hebel the monks from anyone striving with her. And as more trusted friends move away from her orbit, her insistence on slavish loyalty becomes more pronounced. Her refusal to listen to anyone who is not totally devoted

to her. It's probably ruined my chance she has offhandedly put away together. But it has also enabled her to withstand the mounting criticism and threats. Her serene perceptions (see box) and her moralistic temperament combine to block out political realities. Her answer to awkward advice is simply to ignore it. If a newspaper attacks her too fiercely she closes it down.



Argentina's workers are taking the hit brunt of the economic chaos. Their cheques now buy less than half what they did last August. Small businesses are watching helplessly as their most shrewd and hard-won savings are lost in the inflationary spiral. Lost work in an attempt to drive the government to a halt, an employers' association called a management strike that was observed by nearly all private industry, with business owners closing their shops and businesses.

Ironically the very social unrest and economic mismanagement has prevented her from helping to keep her in office, at least temporarily. The Argentine women fiercely and consciously oppose to change at the past, are understandably reluctant to try to take over a nation in chaos. So far they have stayed on the sidelines, allowing even to take their course, and only abandoned

violence and bloodshed that would almost certainly accompany a coup. Recently Horacio Videla, Juan Perón's personal delegate to Argentina during his period of exile in Spain, used a new trick. He purchased a full-page ad in the evening paper *La Nación* to publicly beg Israel to leave the office because under their rule "murderers, incompetents, thieves and self-anointed" had fleeced the nation; her taking notice

Despite a stiff Isabel Perón seems dedicated to hanging on until the better candidate in the forces that have grouped against her regime. Few believe that she can hold on until the promised December elections, much less hold the reinsman of her party together for another nine months. But the more immediate problem

for Argentina is one of economic survival and whether without Rafael Peron, the nation's Congress will have to face that dilemma without delay. JAMES NEILSON

FOR OUSTED PREMIERS, HAPPINESS COMES IN A SESAME SEED BUN

A little bit of Severus nostalgia, whatever happened to **Nguyen Cao Ky**, the dashing late former premier of Vietnam, the one with the Poppycock smile and the wispy-mustache complexion? Answer: he's alive

[illegible]

In winning the Democratic end of the New Hampshire primary, former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter made himself the party's front-runner for the nomination for President. The one problem, Carter now

Wallace Carter has been attempting to deny they're in the same ideological bed, stressing his great rapport with Georgian blacks, but he's got some problems. *Wagner* claims first published in a *Wagner's* article, a letter Carter wrote to *Wagner's* in 1972, which said, in part, "I have never had anything but the highest praise for George Wallace. I think you'll find Governor Wallace and me not as close as present or most states. There are some areas where we are working together, but there are some areas where we are not. I can't complain more if they are not completely tied together." Carter's press secretary, Judy Powell, objected, explaining that the letter had been written by a staffer, that Carter had never meant it, but that it turned out "the letter was written by a staffer. Carter then says 'O— the boss's shadow, Judy Powell'—

of them becoming—for lack of a better word—accepted truth. Just as we see things straight the *New Yorker* never talked to Condon. It got the “Kenny’s arrested” material from Condon’s semi-autobiographical novel *Whore Alley*, which is loosely based on the Kennedy assassination and the Kennedy character. On page 58 of the paperback version, Condon provides the figures—obviously meant to check because in the next paragraph he writes that “Tom Kejan’s” comments included “one Eastern chaf of government—281 newspaper and television women—and one lady astronomer.”

As a breathless world awaits the final outcome of the latest round of Clinton-Taylor divorce talks, it's interesting to look back at some other Holly-

way they went out to dinner and then home to make love all night. At seven-thirty in the morning she began howling around. What was she doing? Going down to divorce him. But, after all that's happened, why?" "I gotta go through with it," she said. "All the other people are down there. I gotta go." She came back straight after and they made love again thereby, under California law, nullifying the divorce decree.

**John Eisenhower** is already dorying that her father got so crazy in the last months of his presidency that he started saying good night to the portraits of former presidents that hang in the White House. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward in their upcoming *The First*



YOUR TOROS LOVE YOU, JOHNNY F., BUT HONESTLY, IS LOVE ENOUGH?

Part of Jimmy F. Russell's problem, they say, is his choice of guests for evening parties. Bright, handsome people are his Thomas Tomes, and good ministers, too. But the sober fact is, they'd rather play with the president than for him. During his three-year reign, Russell has won the friendship of a few big names and turned off a lot of little ones in the process. He's fired three coaches (Billy Martin, Bob LeMay and Bobby Ross), dumped one general manager (Dick Howser), stripped the commissioner of hockey-style authority

On the set, the Tanos have been an un-missed element. In early March they had gone five weeks without winning a game, despite a lineup that includes Frank Makhovitch, Paul Headman, Victor Nedomansky and talented rookie Mark Napier. Totally lacking in discipline, the Tanos slobber checkers. Wary goaltenders stare down the barrel of five-on-two rushes. "Backcheck!" (It's as passé as bed checks. The Tanos deserve takes

sonar for Frank McAvoy. "Any player on the Toms who sees what he's doing for that sum of money must say to himself 'I'll kill with it.' " And raised past-tense Jon Snow, citing a typical front-office movie recall: "We were on a bus, all packed and ready to go to the airport when (definitely) Rick Foley was asked to step outside for a second. He came back, grabbed his bag, and said, 'I'm going home. I've just been released.' "

One of the last decisions-makers to leave was Buck Hinkle, who built the original Ottawa team of largely college kids, including players and coaches. "I'm a former player and coach, and I know how to coach," he told Bassett. "You want to be the owner, president, general manager and coach. The only thing you don't do is play." Two months later, Bassett accepted Hinkle's suggestion. "Sorry, Buck, but that's the way I am. Now, let's do this," he said. "I'll be the owner, president, general manager and coach. You'll be the coach." "I have felt the stress, and I accept it," Hinkle said.



**Bassett watches Tarco lose in the Fighting Saints, adding insult to injury**

makers, lost an estimated \$4.5 million and earned a reputation as the man who would be back.

Today the Tassos have no greater nor more ardently desired than Harold Baillet, president of Maple Leaf Gardens and the world's Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team, to be named as the man by whom the new Tassos will be run. Tassos to sell the Gardens for a mere \$18,000 a night (Baillet lists proceeds of concert sales). He revealed last year was a Gaudier profit of \$750,000—almost to the dime what the Tassos paid for rental. Elected to the Tassos, Baillet would be a very ordinary other expert than their luck and season. The few thousand fans who came to watch—many on passes—other Tassos mistakes lately involved are discouraged. The Baken Fortune, once a principal source of revenue, are being closed. The Tassos are now looking for a solution they have to leave," says one who was never president (Almost the

and deserves—much of the blame. In a recent 7-6 loss to the Jets in Winnipeg, the oldest defenseman was Paul Hinze—who had his twenty-first birthday that day.

But in retrospect, Kaine blames the players less than the organization. "I just can't believe you can blame players going by the coach and talking to the owner and don't think it's right for players to be close friends of the president," Toronto lawyer Joe Kaine, one of 20 organized lawyers who moved the team from Ottawa in 1973, describes today's Torres as a "king without a cause. My opinion of the club has gone to a third, and as a sports commentator I can't say (Lavalley, among other players, Kaine lists) is a good thing. I can't say I'm disappointed," he says. Hope descended? "Another original investor, squandering money, says the team's bottom reached, so, according to Kaine's own



### Newer again in Munich

The ticker parade of Olympic athletes is always an emotional event. But when the 48-odd members of the Israeli delegation march into Montreal's Olympic stadium next July 17, the moment will bear as



Minutelli herself  
admits to carry-  
ing a certain hand-  
ling into the  
Olympics — a  
good chance  
of being killed.

is the great rush-to-publish following the first revelations that John F. Kennedy indulged in the odd lady, the now-to-be-legend *News Of The World* actually came up with statistics. The "source" was American novelist **Richard Condon**, author of *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Mike Regan*, who is supposed to have told the *News* that Kennedy bedded 479 women, having sex because

Women alone he estimates a congressman and 1,502 by the time he became President—three the morning of his inauguration. Many North American papers ran those figures and there is an obvious danger

Keywords: adolescents; strangers; sexual fiction

wood folks who were involved in multiple marriages/divorces. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst were married and divorced twice, and both led lives of sin, wrote **LAURENCE HALL** and **DEAL AMERICA**. The second divorce in 1966, well, that's the first—in 1946—lasted for almost 20 years. At Amos' trial it is his back. At *Blue*, he got a call one day from Bill's lawyer, informing him that he was filing the new divorce (it wasn't, apparently a total surprise, though he'd been going that way). But he sat there and asked what she was doing that night. "Nothing particular," Lucy said. "You know me."

For divorcing you sometimes mourn. He heard he did. Amos

Days later that **Daniel Ellsberg** had become so concerned at the summer of 1970 about future in-law Richard Nixon, he called Republican Senator Robert Griffin, who asked him to urge Nixon to resign, to attend the upcoming two-person incident John F. Kennedy however, insists the story is not only untrue but that there are no portraits of presidents hanging on the second floor, where Woodward and Bernstein place the action; there are only landscapes. So the story is either false, or Nixon sat on another floor of Julia's ceremony is faulty, or Nixon was actually using good sight to the landscape.

**Richard Condon**  
**WINTER KILLS**

## The team that died as it lived, unnoticed and undistinguished

the jump is just a sport. Many of them are presently out. Not sure, certainly, we'll throw into depression by the disaffection of the national elite jump-jung is last month. After the team's performance at the All-Africa Sports Week in Harare, Zimbabwe, the national team jump was held in the 1980s, 40th, the Canadian Ski Association has "relinquished to policy priorities." Or, in Canada's other official language: rather than spend \$125,000 a year to send half-a-dozen athletes to the world, he evaluated by Scott Anderson, a Canadian ski coach, to Europe would occur in a country.

The Canadian situation is slightly different. The national team trained in the United States for the first time in 1980—although one Sport Canada bureaucrat, overlooking the wisdom of training camp in the United States, said, "We don't have to train." The Canadian team, with one coach, a driver, selected 30-year-old Cliff Martin from Park Run, who has directed several, is currently training camp (the predecessor's training program was somewhat more demanding).

[illegible]

several machines and specially constructed wind tunnels to simulate jump conditions. They jump 600 to 1,000 times a year (Canales considers 500 jumps to be an unusually busy winter). They rely upon experts in aerodynamic theory to design the machine

...the high of which has not, in the past, been selected from hundreds of companies...  
...Newspapers sold alone has 2,000 registered members—Canada's was picked from the...  
...there a dozen serious candidates (I don't...  
...know there aren't 2,000 the winners in the...  
...country. It's also in our choice) Forgive...  
...about media against those odds, against...  
...public equity and the...  
...the...  
...known in Sport Can...



Only the best of athletes will win a medal, assured

Quail is flight at low speeds; off on a field's ground

He's the only one we support. The Olympic Council—they know we're not talking about all jumping.

Remis notwithstanding, the team does not have access to wind tunnels, aerodynamic room speculation, equipment research or the new-style jump pants that were delivered weeks before the games, not nearly soon enough to master variables of speed, take-off or flight. Where European teams are selected from hundreds of competitors, the Norwegian club alone has 7,000 registered members. Canada's was picked from less than a dozen, and the Americans (62) were the chosen ones.

But the Canadians have a trick up their sleeve: they aren't 2,000 lb. athletes, they are 200 lb. athletes in one cloth. Forget about medals, anyone they add, anyone

But ski jumping is only one of dozens of sports too many Canadians perceive little and understand less. Unknowingly willing to pay \$20 to watch \$100,000 a year in corporate donations around a hockey rink, we have not yet learned the greatest value of hockey and its terms. Regrettably, there is no reason for anyone to believe that our attitudes will soon change.

# Business

DOWN TO THE SEA IN CONTROVERSY: DOME OIL BETS ON THE BEAUFORT

The map shows the Beaufort Sea to the north of the Yukon River delta. The Mackenzie Bay is located to the south of the delta. A proposed oil and gas lease is indicated by a shaded area in the Beaufort Sea. An inset map shows the location of the study area within the larger context of Alaska and the Yukon. A scale bar indicates 100 miles.

Drill sites (above) and drillship (left); there's black gold in that there ice.

the Arctic Sea. The oil companies claim that over a billion oil dollars are at stake in an 18-month environmental impact study (funded by the federal government) and 18 Arctic petroleum producers who call the odds against such a disaster as 1 between 1,000 and 10,000 to one. But if one disaster would take a year to cap the well and 10 years more to mop-up the traces of the spill.

It was with just such doubts in mind that the federal government gave approval in principle to Dome but withheld a final go-ahead until the study was completed. That report was sent to federal Northern Development Minister Jack Richardson

February 13, but along with it went a government recommendation for approval. The officials felt bound by that earlier approval in principle but did not want to create the inconvenience of additional Arctic oil and gas that might provide economic justification for a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. They also apparently bought the company's stand that blowouts are both unlikely and a risk worth taking, especially

At least some of the 1,000 natives living on the verge of the Arctic Sea reject the oilmen's arguments. The Committee for Original Peoples Entitlement (COPE), representing Inuit in the Western Arctic, wants offshore drilling halted until it can

During the past 30 years, 24,000 of these wells have been drilled around the world according to Doene, only six have spilled oil into the sea—six of almost 1,300 a low-risk rate Doene hopes Oceans has begun to fund. That and the results of seismic surveys that show the Beaufort Sea has potential reserves of between 30 and 40 billion barrels of oil and 135 to 390 trillion cubic feet of gas—more than 10 times the reserves in other Arctic areas.

**A land of sheep and berries**  
After two decades of politicians trying to turn Newfoundland into a land of Pinot, an on-the-Atlantic Premier Frazee Miron has a new idea: no more massive reforestation projects, thank you, but rather rising to meet market needs. Now he's watching prospects for sheep and fish farming, blueberry picking and handicrafts.



Drill sites (above) and drillship Sattler  
there's black gold in that there ice.

Domestics can't afford to wait for fiscal stimulus much longer. It has spent \$150 million so far among up to 100,000 households. Drilling 4,000 to exploit the Bakken, at least one option will expire unless drilling starts this year and Domestics President W. Richards says it is "critical" his two drilling steps (at \$40 million each) arrive at the Bakken and start operations this summer. "This damage-gone country is beside the point," he says, pointing out natural drilling will be purely exploratory. Production need not take place until the 1950s and that time indicates to present the "second" effect will probably be perceived.

During the past 30 years, 30,000 of the wells have been drilled around the world according to Domestics, and the world is

into the gas models, of use in 3,300 a low risk rate (Dove hopes Ottawa has kept that). That and the results of seismic surveys that show the Beaufort Sea has potential reserves of between 30 and 40 billion barrels of oil and 235 to 390 trillion cubic feet of gas—more than 10 times the reserves in other Arctic areas.

JOHN COY

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Rehearsal scene for *Provençal Fur Trade*, an escape from worldly economic thinking.

not," he says with the better sense of one who knows, "but it can't be the be-all and end-all of government policy." Frank Moore speaks from bitter experience. His government has been forced to pump \$20 million annually into the land-based plant it owns on the west coast, the future of the Long Harbour phosphate plant owned by the Electric Reduction Co. is in doubt and John Shabert's Come-by-Chance refinery is on the brink of bankruptcy.

The refinery is currently the most troublesome of the projects. Controlled by Shabert and Jeff Smithwood and supported by both Liberal and Conservative governments, its fate will be decided this week when the Supreme Court of Newfoundland issues a petition to send two Shabert companies—Provincial Refining Co. and Newfoundland Refining Co.—into bankruptcy. The refinery lost between \$10 million and \$12 million a month between January 1974 and last November but Shabert has had close calls before. Last October the First National Bank of Chicago foreclosed on a \$20-million loan and an attempt to rescue was unavailing at the refinery. Shabert's major creditors, Alaska and Co. of Japan, agreed to take over First National's share of the financing but missed on getting management control of the plant after it was sold for a third mortgage. The third mortgage was not forthcoming and to protect its \$230-million investment Alaska decided to petition Shabert's companies into bankruptcy.

The difficult scene playing the petiole on southern shipyards that have merged Quebec. Alaska says it has received no substantial payments for crude oil since it began financing the purchase of supplies in late 1973 nor has it received any information about what Provincial Refining has done with the money it got for sale of refined products. To further complicate matters, it claims other Shabert companies owe the Newfoundland a total of \$64 million while the Newfoundland

owns one Alaska \$257 million. Topping the situation off, Alaska alleges the refinery pays one dollar a barrel more for crude than it can get for its finished products. Shabert executives were tracking over the charges last month. "If the pay was that under only, let's be liable under penalty," said Jesse Tash, vice-president of Shabert Natural Resources Company Inc. Tash contends Shabert paid \$273 million to Alaska, provided "financial data with full information on everything from day one" and added the only reason Alaska has not received monies is that since November "Alaska has controlled the cash box and would not let us pay the bills."

Given a forced life of the refinery might not solve its troubles. Shabert currently owns an estimated \$600 million on the property including \$15 million to Britain's Export Credit Guarantee Dept.; \$41.3 million to the Newfoundland government for a second mortgage and about \$3.5 million in assorted small Newfoundland companies. The only current hope many of these creditors have with Alaska, which has allied itself with another Japanese trading company, C. Hsu and Co., and several Japanese banks to keep the refinery afloat. The rescue plan is of small comfort, however, to the Newfoundlanders working at the refinery. About 80 men employed by subcontractors have already been laid off, 400 more now sit idly awaiting news of their fate.

EARLE MCNEIL

#### The CIA's ultimate weapon

In its search to regulate use of wheat power and prestige, the United States has come up with a new weapon that could ensure it more than that oil gives corn: wheat. Supply that, the United States at the world's largest wheat grower and exporter (this year's grain crop will be 250 million tons of which 94 million will be shipped overseas), may have the power to decide who eats and who starves. At least that's

the theory CIA analysts are working on and they want to make use of it. In a memo-circulated linked to the Washington Post, the intelligence agency says, "Wheat grains would become virtual life and death power over the fate of multitudes of the needy. Wheat is sold in 100 million tons in the United States, would gain extraordinary political and economic influence."

Save for Canada, which is itself a major wheat exporter (15 million tons this year), most world countries are heavily dependent on imports. Russia, for example, imports 30 million tons a year. Eastern European nations bring in 9.5 million, Japan 18.6 million, North Africa and the Middle East 15.7 million and South Asia nearly 10 million tons. Their plight may become even worse as climatologists continue to predict a global cooling trend, which will af-



U.S. grain: the power of life or death

fect many grain-growing areas but none of North America. The CIA admits the implications are obvious: "Assessment of the bulk of the world's exportable grain, the United States sought to gain the primary in world wheat it held in the immediate post World War II years."

Foreign grain analysis such as Lester Brown, head of Worldwatch Institute, claim the United States is already making use of wheat power. They cite the role played in Vietnam during American talks (the United States threatened to cut off supplies of wheat to Russia) and during recent Middle East discussions. "We wouldn't be surprised if the United States had explicitly named the question of grain shipments to influence the Soviet over Angola," Brown says. President Gerald Ford denies such allegations.

One politician who admits the power of wheat grain is Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz who says the United States has supplied support for its agriculture program such as Commodity Vouchers. He adds, however, that U.S. funds it to give grain shipments to war-torn, not to grain enemies. The international flow of food supplies was brought home to him last fall when a Romanian government official told him "You have a weapon more powerful than the atom bomb. You have soybeans."

WILLIAM LUTHER



## Friendship - Amitié

Two 15-year-old girls became friends last summer.

Jean Bickle of Saskatchewan and Arny Quothois of Quebec shared the delights of visiting in each other's homes. They also shared the excitement of discovering parts of Canada new to each of them.

For Jean, Canadian history came alive among the orchards and dairy farms, the mountains and spread towns of southern Quebec, and in the ancient streets of old Montreal.

Arny experienced the vast expanses of waving grain fields, the crystal air and glowing sunsets of the Saskatchewan

prairies. The Western Canadian "breadbasket" became a reality for her.

The girls developed a warm friendship based on understanding and respect for each other's ways and beliefs.

The friendship of Jean and Arny is understood by Western farmers. Most of them experience the benefits of working together in friendship through their co-operative organizations.

Western farmers are sympathetic to the needs and problems of people elsewhere. In turn, they seek fair and equitable conditions under which to carry on the vital task of producing food for Canada and the world.

\*Under an exchange program sponsored by the Canadian Council of Churches and JCI.

## Saskatchewan Wheat Pool POOL

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool is a producer co-operative that provides elevator, farm supply, livestock and other services for its 70,000 farmer-members and promotes public policies to improve the well-being of farm families.

# Pepin's man Jack: with guys like him on the team, who need's opponents?

Business Column by Terrence Belford

The members of Toronto's Empire Club couldn't have been more excited if some good had meant a spaghetti day. Here was a federal public servant, slated to speak about his work on the Anti-Inflation Board but choosing instead to sing-along with the federal government. Jack Buddell came to the club to tell the government members didn't know because when it came to personal economics high interest rates were damn monetary policy was damner and what that man Pierre Trudeau needed to do was to look in all back in the stability of our immediate personal society. Among his suggestions were: an immediate drop in interest rates, which would then be kept down by monetary policy and no change; a large infusion of funds into the mortgage and housing industry; limits on consumer credit; and encouragement for employee ownership of most companies.

His views, predictably, drew fire that was more intense in Ontario "Percy" nor-west," hounded for Grandly family member of industry, trade and commerce "Widow" and magnified," advised Finance Department officials (gladly all the while for any reason). But Jack Buddell was happy with his speech. So happy, he is planning more of them, all by himself, on the last of two, a week with many of them focusing his financial economic inflation Buddell is planned and excited because he is a legend at the daydream of many businessmen. He believes he has found a job where he can effect government policy and intends to make the most of it—since if it means losing the hand that is doing a \$300 a day job as a peon.

Jack Buddell is 56, a chartered accountant and a successful businessman but has no formal training as a economist. In fact he achieved a model at the high school level. Until his appointment last year he was president of the Clarkson Co., specialists in bookkeeping and bookshelves (his, his, his and his). He is now a partner in Clarkson, Gordon and Co. the giant accounting firm formerly headed by Walter Gordon. He is ambitious, intelligent, and has a generous ego which, though undoubtedly itself, is not a problem. Despite his reputation as a misanthrope, Ottawa had offered jobs before. He turned down two previous offers out of hand but this time the approach was made personally as an enticement by Pierre Trudeau's son-in-law, the recently appointed director of the Toronto cabinet minister (nominated by Finance Minister Donald Macdon-

ald and Energy Minister Alexander Galt), who before entering politics had worked for Canadian Corporate Management, another Walter Gordon company). In Buddell's mind the job was a power job "clear to the scene of the action" than any of the others he had been offered. "I've always taken the view that in the second which to go down the chain is a much better" "So he took the chance at being a policy maker, resigned his position as presi-



dent of Clarkson Co. (it wasn't a requirement that a man of personal choice be given the job, he still keeps an office there and joined the club).

Buddell now has one overriding aim: to see his pet projects accepted. One of them, he can be pushed most frequently at all go-togethers, is changing the ownership of large corporations. He wants more employee ownership and is willing to use any guidelines to accomplish this. "You're the owner and the stock," he says. "If corporations want to get around the imagination on profits, we can get them to terms to do and adopt a plan whereby they sell shares to employees." The idea he holds that when an employer with a stake in his company is going to stay longer work harder

and pass up immediate benefits in favor of some future larger profits. And while this scheme may not seem to be what the Prime Minister had in mind when explaining the functions of the job to his fellow Canadians, Buddell simply thinks that his point made. "Part of this job is encouraging actions on what we set out as the underlying causes of inflation."

Most of Buddell's schemes seem to be modest rather than radical ideas. He is the most pro-business of the board members. It was Buddell, for example, who pressed for and was successful in keeping prior and divided discussion under wraps except in cases where the board clearly relied them back. At the same time he was in favor of putting all labor control decisions. In fact, his business has contributed with such government statements have caused some grief to the anti-business crowd. "He's given us some pretty heavy news," says one. "But there seems to be an acceptance that his views are his own." This acceptance emanates from Jack Buddell, an entrepreneur and Buddell's history book. Pepin says that in long he has taken it perfectly clear that his suggestions are policy, not more than personal views, he can say whatever he pleases.

Buddell is understood by critics: With the great certainty of a fundamentalist preacher he is sure his theories would work if only given the chance. Take the example of employee stock. In his view Ottawa is doing wrong by not making it a condition to any business, large or small, the construction of new housing and family ownership of housing is essential to a stable society; accordingly, high interest rates kept the private investment out of the stock market. After all, nobody grows rich that way money any more and if you can't borrow to buy stocks, or if bonds are made more attractive to investors than the stock market collapses. Without the market, corporations can't raise money to get the borrowing and borrowing into one profit. Buddell has been told by some of the government's best that you can't saddle around with interest rates that way, but his response reflects the moral certainty that helped propel him to the top of Finance's list. "As an economist I am asked to answer—and like most economists I have tried to explore every angle the professionals have either already abandoned or won't permit themselves to consider." This view is unlikely to remain held as Ottawa economic circles where many problem solvers are wondering what would happen if Buddell applied the same philosophy to monetary policy.

# Justice

THE JOYS OF COED PRISON: NO TOUCHING, NO KISSING, NO NOTHING

It seemed like a good idea at the time: a coed prison that would curb homosexuality, instill common social values and boost inmate morale. But when David Buz's not government-funded three years ago to construct the Prince George Regional Correctional Centre into the country's first mixed prison, they stepped to take account of the potential hazards. In the actual construction, for the experiment, the province tried to determine just how "coed" the centre would be. Not did government officials bother to check whether the Prince George facility, about an hour north of Vancouver by air, could adequately handle the experiment. The result has been a tragic dance. While other Canadian penitentiary officials are seeing what has been the situation, the Prince George crew have a new problem on their hands: a sex crisis.

"How would you like to have a piece of cake in front of you all the time and not be able to take a bite?" complains one male inmate, referring to the prison's strict "no touch" rule. A contrary regulation that male and female prisoners remain at least five feet apart was imposed two years ago, after two inmates were discovered "bustly in tune"—explaining the theory could possibly have been the occasion stage. Says Dean, 38, serving time for armed robbery: "It makes it a bit of a hell when you're having the Saturday night dance." Adds 31-year-old Tom, one of a handful of female prisoners: "It's a bunch of nonsense. You can't do anything because every little thing you do is here it's, 'Hey, now. Move your ass out of here.' You can't even go to the toilet." "Things like that," says Prince George's administrative manager, "are problems. I'm not sure the need appears as a problem at all," confesses Jim Graham, 32, who became the centre's director a year ago. Unofficially, he and his female staff are tolerant to either side of the sex-war divide. But only up to a point: the prospect of a pregnant inmate is enough to make officials break out in a cold sweat.

Possible pregnancies aside, the Prince George staff obviously consider the sexual problem a more serious one than inmate unrest. In some jails, one inmate's complaint for other penitentiaries, is on the basis of illness. Much of the blame is attached to the structure of the prison itself. "Just look at this place," says Graham, glancing at the 20-year-old and it looks like it was built from a design 70 years old." It's not fit for work. Living accommodation is divided into six cell blocks, and the women's unit is divided from the men's by



These people, who cannot be touched, are engaging in a flirted act in the prison laundry room. Left, the young woman is back in her own cell, out of her way

The newspaper problems staff's likely to improve. So far Graham has been slow to replace one female staff member for every two that depart. "If you don't have the inmates and you don't have the manpower staff, it's very hard to determine how effective the program really is," he says. Justice department officials in the newly elected Social Government have not yet had time to evaluate the Prince George experiment.

The inmates, however, have their own view. Both the 20-inmate women's "house" off of the main building, and the three-hour evening social program, they say, are essential to their lives. "I hate the place," says one young woman. "I'd rather go back to Ontario"—a lower ranked correctional centre. Referring to the ratio of the general population in northern areas, she in the medium security and one inmate wanted by five to one (one for a report, she there were 80 men and 15 women). Inevitably, some one-on-one releases shows develop, resulting in jealousy and fighting among the men. Many male prisoners choose to ignore the program entirely than face the frustration of unwanted attention. For those seeking homosexual satisfaction, the experiment has increased it, particularly among men. On the outside side, according to Deans, supervisors is so nervous and clear that "when two girls are sitting on the same bed, a male is always there watching you, so you might as well forget it." In fact, she notes, "with their watching you all the time, you can't even get it on alone."

As for the men, they are not allowed to visit the women's unit. They can't even walk up to the door and say "Hi," complains Deans, an attractive blond connected to friend. A lack of space and budget keeps daytime work programs to exhibit to naturalistic activities. In fact, the only areas where male and female inmates meet together are the laundry room for soap and the staff dining room. (The centre has no outdoor activities, so most prisoners eat in the assigned cell blocks.) There are no real outdoor facilities—no natural food possibility—and female inmates are prohibited from working in the kitchen, because male guards aren't allowed to guard them and the manpower-why centre is unable to double staff. Even the prison's inmate garden is closed to the women. "We have three guys out there," says Graham. "They can't be working otherwise. What if a couple slipped into a ditch as over a hill?"

PHOTO BY JIM HAMILTON

# Education

## THE 'JUNGLE' TODAY: A TEACHER'S LOT IS EVEN LESS A HAPPY ONE

In the 1950s it was the *Blackboard Jungle*. Now in the post-Vietnam 1970s, it's more like the *Blackboard Rose* story. Teaching in U.S. inner-city schools has never been a picnic, but there are signs that it is becoming almost unbearable. For one thing, hundreds of American teachers have developed what psychiatrists say are classic symptoms of battle fatigue—the high blood pressure, depression, apathy, stomach, headache, sleeping problems and reduced self-esteem that afflict soldiers when

5000 soldiers a year. Ironically, some of the worst school violence anywhere occurs almost within the shadow of the Capitol, in the intensely ghetto of Washington. Sergeant Thel B. Brown, a community service officer in the District of Columbia police department, says, "Physical violence in Washington schools is terrible. It has reached a crisis point. I wouldn't be a teacher here now for three times the salary I'm making." In 1975, 36 Washington teachers faced serious physical attacks

involving change in British higher learning. Oddly enough, University College—opened by Mrs. Thatcher February 6—is largely the brainchild of a constant member of the Canadian left, Calgary-born Professor Harry Ferns, 62. He was Ferns, now head of the political science department at the University of Birmingham and formerly an Ottawa resident during the days of Mackenzie King, who wrote the blueprint for University College a decade ago. While Ferns agrees that he "did take the first public initiative and wrote the first guidelines for a free university," he says that "others were involved and I don't want to claim any special credit." As for the story of a frontier left leaning academic being a proponent of totally self-financing education, Ferns explains "I used to be on the left, but now I am most emphatically on the right."

The new institution is a sprawling collection of converted white-stone terraced cottages and red brick buildings standing on the River Don, 35 miles north of London. Enrolled for its inaugural term are 75 students, including a professional cook, a Hindu prince, an Arab sheikh, a Saudi prince and an insurance clerk. Instead of a three-year, non-leave course leading to a first degree, students might learn over two years, leading to one of its licenses. It is not cheap: students may pay as much as \$30,000 to win a license.

When she opened University College, Mrs. Thatcher declared: "This marks the first time in this century that a university has been born in this country without the usual governmental aid or subsidy." This, she added, was a sign of hope that teachers might now be encouraged to take their decisions, use their brains and dispense education without having to lobby public opinion or government officials. The right-wing London *Daily Telegraph* wined enthusiastically at the prospect. "Higher education is scarce money," it wrote, "has become more and more a commodity, with stiff and staid behavior like trade unions in bankrupt British companies."

University College at Buckingham shows there are people who want to get away from all this. "Not everyone agrees. Critics have branded the concept as a return to the bad old days of elitism in education. Once again, the critics say, Britain's top drawer in education will be filled with stuffed shirts. Nonetheless, say the organizers, who managed to raise privately the three million dollars needed to launch the venture. Their use is "to change the face of education."

ALAN HARVEY



Students After Work (Who Marrow) goes for Mr. O'Leary (Who Marrow) in *Blackboard Jungle*. In the 1950s, the anti-teacher was the weapon of choice, now it's guns.

they've been too long under fire. For another, the explosion of violence in the schools has reached the point where even Congress is bringing its hands in worry.

Dr. Alfred Bloch, an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of California, has examined 300 Los Angeles teachers suffering battle fatigue and has recommended that they be given the same privileges as combat troops—short duty leave and extra "battle pay" when they teach in inner city neighborhoods. Dr. Bloch found that "the conditions of continued violence and threats of violence with little or no support from school administration has resulted in teachers experiencing psychological and physiological depletion and ultimately collapsing under stress." His conclusion is "Isolated teachers are being included in a new report in Congress on violence in American schools."

During the past three years, classroom violence across the United States has increased by 45%, up by 48% in teachers by 37% and assaults on teachers by 71%. A Senate subcommittee estimated recently that school crime was costing taxpayers

from students. One 28-year-old teacher is suing the city for a million dollars after being raped and robbed in her classroom. She claims authorities provided inadequate security. Congressmen Brown, the inner city schools, teachers are assaulted every day, but they make no reports. They don't get paid for making their pay checks. You know, many more teachers react on disability than policemen or firemen ever do."

WILLIAM LOWMYER

### The school of hard cash

It's a far cry from Oxford and Cambridge but it is a university unlike any other in the United Kingdom. The brand-new University College at Buckingham may be short on tradition but it's long on charisma. The Buckingham institution is completely independent, a private enterprise undertaking that does not receive a penny in public funds. It has amid controversy and still unrecognized by some official bodies, it grants what are known as licenses (after the degrees that has the blessing of British Conservative Party leader Margaret Thatcher, and it may be the harbinger of

# Why older whisky isn't necessarily better whisky.

If you think spending time in a barrel helps make a Canadian ope better, you're right. But only up to a point.

Because ope whisky, like everything else in life, reaches one point in time when it is at its peak.

When it's in its "Prime". Before that it can be pale, harsh and still unimpaired.

After that it begins to get darker and take on a stronger "woody" taste.

Most of our competitors settled for whisky that's 6 years old or less.

Not us. In our opinion, it is the "Prime" year for O.P.C.

When it couldn't be better. Smooth.

Mellow.

And full-bodied.

And yet still light enough to have a taste that takes no getting used to.

We make O.P.C. 8 Year Old, and only 8 years old, because that's the best year.

Frankly those two extra years of aging, cost us extra money.

But that's the price we were willing to pay to create the only whisky ever to win three consecutive gold medals in the World's toughest competition "The Olympics of Food and Drink" Monte Selection.

Yes, there are younger whiskies.

No, there are older whiskies.

No, there is no other whisky "Picked in its Prime".

O.P.C. 8 Year Old. The Prime Canadian.







# Press

## A REPORT ON THE HAPPY STATE OF THE ART OF CANADIAN CARTOONING

Canadian newspaper readers have been long-entitled to many journalistic-satire-by-foreign coverage, maddening editing, snide, reporting and self-serving commentary, to name just a few. But for reasons unclear, Canadians have regularly been able to enjoy world-class cartooning. The Toronto Star's Donica Macpherson is as good a political cartoonist as any in the world, by the grudging admission of her rivals. André (Terry Monder) of the Montreal Gazette is, perhaps, the best and most subtle of the younger generation of cartoonists. On either coast, Ray Preston of the Vancouver Star and Robert Chouinard of the Halifax Chronicle World

delight their fans and change their targets on a daily basis.

Now there are again that a major Canadian streamer of the literature and considerable U.S. cartooning market is under way. Talented Canadian-based cartoonists are taking American ribs at virtually every major U.S. center. Winnipeg's Ontario native Paul Szep, 33, won a Pulitzer Prize for his editorial-page cartoon in the Boston Globe. Doug Steep, 44, of Detroit, Ont., is one of Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner's favorite cartoonists, appearing in almost every issue. Additionally, Szep's daily political cartoons in the Toronto Star (where he concentrates on world affairs

rather than the voluptuous nudes Hefner commission) are syndicated to 38 other newspapers, half of them south of the border. Toronto-born Ben Wicks has developed a daily comic strip for the U.S. market. The charity, however, may be Jan Unger 39, of Ottawa. Unger draws Hefner, and, according to the president of Universal Press Syndicate, John McNeil, "He's a real year of Hermes in the United States."

Hefner appears in 71 newspapers, including New York's best-selling Daily Mirror. The title character is a big-nosed, beady-eyed bachelorette. He wears a beret, has children and a mistress, but none of his own. He's a woman, his hair is a mess, his life is long and weary. Sometimes he's tall, sometimes short. But he's always middle-aged and usually wearing a suit. Whatever the Unger's ever-changing creations may be, he's popular. "You could tell right away he would be a sensation," says Universal editor Jim Andrews. "Hefner's the funniest single thing in the Globe and Mail," says managing editor



"...and if you don't like it, how do you intend to suggest we add my design?"



INDIA'S MOST SACRED COW



"Where you could suggest he get the world's biggest penis?"

Clark W. Drury. "Hefner is in," says Unger from his Ottawa light-blue apartment-cum-studio. Unger, a bachelor, came late to cartooning. He had been, among other things, a politician on the docks of London before he was hired as an advertising layout artist by the Montreal Star. He moved to Ottawa in 1974 to the Universal syndicate, and then moved to Ottawa "to be near my parents and brother and sister-in-law." The cartoonist with Universal runs a heady 10 years which means Hefner — who gets more mail than even the most widely syndicated Doonesbury — will continue to make Americans and Canadians laugh for a long while to come. FRANK TOLLEY

# Music

## VANCOUVER OPERA'S RICHARD BONYNGE: VIRTUOSO WITH A BIG STICK

Exactly 25 years ago, when opera superstar Renée Stambler was still in her teens, 25-year-old mezzo-soprano, her singing coach, an even younger wunderkind named Richard Bonyng, began to expand her range into the floral coloratura stratosphere. He did it, in part, by decapitating her pelvis (now he with 23 years) out of view of the piano keyboard and telling her that it hurt. She was actually C. Not long thereafter, Stambler developed into a full-fledged soprano, and not long after that she was running audiences from London to San Francisco with her vocal pipes.

A quarter of a century later, the Astoria

four cantatas, it is destined to sing the vocal line of the right show "I am not a die-hard class opera lover," he claims. "We can make Vancouver known throughout the world of opera as a company that does things of interest and quality." He was not always confident. Taking over the director's chair two years ago, he succeeded Irving Gutwin, the following article devoted to Bonyng's directorial skills to extend and improve the program, thus a company of young men and, eventually, build a new opera house. (Productions are now staged in the city's convention and occasionally available Opera Elizabeth Theatre.) His seemingly boundless enthusiasm frightened some board members and antagonized others. Many felt he was trying to move the VOA too fast, so they urged him to continue staging the commercial, low-cost, guaranteed sell-out. The drama came in 1974 when the board-planning to stage The Merry Widow (which was the first time since 1960 Toronto production without his knowledge. Bonyng was livid. "This shows no style at all," he exploded. "I consider my wife's appearance here to be an important event that merits a new production."

Bonyng won the battle, but the war was not yet over. Faced by a solid line of commitments that found him in consecutive weeks—conducting in Paris, recording in New York, and on tour with Stambler in New Zealand (he has not seen his 15-year-old son since October last August), Bonyng came under attack for absenteeism. A substantial production of The Goodbye Song (which was a success from critics, board members and even loyal opera goers. For a time, there was talk of forcing Bonyng to refer all decisions to the board for final approval. Again, he balked. "That is not their function. The artistic director must be able to make decisions. If they thought they were taking a yes-man, that was their right." His bedside manner is a kind of minimalist; he would have asked he was given free rein.

Almost immediately the board retired behind him and placed full music control at his hands. Along on cue, the old, clapping-praying Bonyng, who had headed the Sydney-based Australian Opera Company, began injecting life into the Vancouver agenda. He has introduced the current season with three new-to-Vancouver works — Rossini's Semiramide, Tchaikovsky's Queen Of Spades and The Merry Widow — and a second of Faust. The Merry

Widow, opening next month, features Stambler herself, singing Franz Lehár's title role for the first time with Bonyng conducting. Next year's lineup will more adventures include The Flakowsky, Thomas Mann and Meyerbeer's La Héroïne — as well as La Bohème. If everything proceeds according to Bonyng's old-time plan, the VOA by 1977-78 will be singing an opera a year (instead of four), split into pre- and full-lengths, and offering more performances of each show.

But opera is an expensive proposition, and the VOA's accumulated deficit this year is expected to hit \$250,000 (it was \$116,000 last year). Despite a high-power fund-raising program to wipe out the deficit, the VOA is really going to have to beg, borrowing the money to cover the deficit. The current season, sold in a four-production package (which is "Bonyng's opera package"), attracted 7,000 subscribers, more than double last year's total.

### An end to quality means

Ever since the Chabris and the 1966 Tchaikovsky name competition in Moscow and resulted in a number of winners in the world of classical music competition have become both the accepted route to fame for young pianists and a cross they have to bear. Most have the system because so much depends on one performance in the hot spotlight of the competition stage, often before judges who are more or less as much by political considerations as by musical merit.

### Philadelphia competition may be a drag, but they pay off sometimes



Bonyng: his will be done — at last

last, when Bonyng (pronounced Bonyng) is still performing his Semiramide tasks. This one, however, his pupil is the entire Vancouver Opera Association, a Meyerbeer company, group of if not rich — on a scale, overhauling that of The Tivoli and La Bohème. For what seems an eternity, the VOA had produced good, solid but unexciting fare. Hampered by shortages of both money and imagination, it normally put together a program of traditional baroque. When a gambled on something different, it lost, at a snail, it rarely gambled.

All of that appears to be changing. The superpiano, Bonyng, 44, who learned to play the piano at three, started conducting singers at 15 and has conducted opera or





with all his employees' passion. Today's readers will wonder what all the fuss is about. *Memoirs* (due in 1990) Norman Mailer's new book. *The Dead and The Dead* was banned from Toronto libraries and bookstores. Certain government officials view it as a dangerous credo to eliminate sex from literature such as today's would-be censors try to sweep descriptions of sexual defecation or aggression under the carpet. McCall said about Mailer to find an answer for the effusive words "Beating, I think," he wrote effortlessly. "It's delightful if not over-the-top, it's—[as Mailer] is quite eloquent. We don't like the word 'beat' when it would be possible to substitute 'punch.' Remember, Aunt Estelle's thins books is just as good as anybody else's." Though Henry questioned Mailer's veracity, Aunt Estelle presented leaving Private Turvey with a vocabulary widely used in the regional dialect of Shatin in 1940.

But with or without defecation, the enigmatic Private Turvey. Laurence Turvey strides through Canadian literature nothing up his sleeve and no pretensions at all that in that and Hudson about being a Canadian. He is, as he says from Malcolm Lowry, our own Good Soldier Schweik in the wilderness of the Kootenay Highlands. But finally good and coming to Earth. Dennis Turvey is Jack McCall's completely unbroken of euphemism and in a pure, unadorned voice.

Will we have to wait another 25 years before the correspondence is published? Perhaps in a few books how a long and prominent life.

# Showbusiness

## THE KID WHO DIDN'T CONQUER BROADWAY

Back in the Thirties, when Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland and the gang did not go to put on their own show at the New York Theatre, it eventually ended up the biggest thing on Broadway and those wonderful kids with the sagging ears became the collective test of New York. Their good fortune part never ended in an end.

Cliff Jones' good fortune which he'd been riding for nearly three years, was out early on the morning of February 18, about the time that Cline Burns was asking his review of *Rocky Horror* from the off-putting rock music, so the tipsters at the New York Times.

"The terribly hard," Burns wrote, "enjoy, success and a little concern." But he saved his best shots for worst ones for computer. Jones, the Canadian boy who made good—up to a point. "Mr. Jones is a second-rate musician with a third-rate mind. His lyrics were deplorable." Other critics were even less kind. Not that it matters, since the man from the Times said that notes in his show. The peevish house of opening night, which ended so short (as that counts for nothing) gave way to a sure box office the following day. The show closed four days after that, having sold out and had about a million dollars.

Cliff Jones made plans to come home to his wife and daughter in Toronto, and to go to school. And he talked about using Burns too, but he had discovered he did not want to go to New York, where he was going to get his Big Apple. You must be prepared to have your fingers chopped off (Mickey and Judy notwithstanding).

For someone who has shown himself the years, to be a man of his kind as an employee of Jones, Jones had a pretty fair run since he dropped out of his PhD program in Queen's seven years ago to devote himself to his music. The songs he turned out (probably didn't survive him) became widely liked them, but he died out in a long writing slump for radio and *The Young Men of Show*. Then, in a mere three weeks in the spring of 1973, he wrote so-called *Rocky Horror* (SR), the surreal version of *Rocky Horror* (SR), and sold it to the music publisher Jack McDermott, who was then head of the Charlotteville Festival, heard it and decided it was just what the festival needed. It ran successfully for two summers (though outside Charlotteville, it was almost disastrously panned, Washington and New York theatre actually cancelled bookings).

Jones' lack led Colleen Dewhurst, a former resident of P.O. New Kensington, and for whatever reason, Alton D. And Dewhurst had friends in New York theatre. Producer Lester K. Moon (for *The Madwoman*)/Dewhurst saw Broadway potential, but the disastrous 1973 tour told him that *Rocky Horror* was not really ready. "We decided the show was about 30% to 40% wrong, just that Broadway we reviewed it. It didn't flow, lacked dramaticity, and the music was not good."

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Cliff Jones, a young man, but not a star.

wasn't." So they robbed Gower Chapman, the old producer who didn't had much success over *Rocky Horror*, and Jones went back to the theatre as it, but it didn't do much. "I was a survivor," he told one survivor. "I just got out what has to be done to make things work and I do it." That *Rocky Horror* producer Chapman didn't work in a reflection on the kind of elaborate commercialism Jones and Chapman did at folded into it. They tried it out with folk and rock and pop, rock music, country and western, even a few from the jazz age. As the *Douglas* of the New York Daily News observed, *Rocky Horror* did like a lot of up of us we thought we had left behind a long time ago.

Selling *Rocky Horror* New York stock in the Cliff Jones' business, and turned it over to people. But after all, he got there, which few people can say—and besides, after *Rocky Horror* was so big on radio, he dashed off a little something called *Hips* (Minsky) (about Minsky naturally) and it was a real extravaganza one. And apparently there's this Broadway producer with a million and a half bucks who is very serious to put on, maybe next year.

SUSAN CORNELL FOR GALT

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# Happiness is just a guy named Joe, or: the man who would be king

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Be nice to people on the way up, or the way down, because you'll meet them on the way down. That's what the stage at the Edmonton Assenée are now thinking because Joe Clark, the youngest leader of a federal party since Confederation, aimed out as a copyboy on the paper. Joe Clark from High River? Representing the riding of Rocky Mountain? Surely more like an invention of W.O. Mitchell's than the actual version of J.C. Sturges. It's not quite what the strident Tories, many of the various years and three-year hermetically sealed blue wings men, usually like on the bulletin in the Canadian press can confirm their jokes as some of life's great jokes.

Can a child lead them? If a baby is the criterion—as opposed to the lauded amnesia of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, one of the western world's greatest acts of leading from behind—the kid from the big city has had a long apprenticeship. There were those nervous days in Edmonton 15 years ago when Joe was shooting an ineptly-recorded debate across the floor of the University of Alberta mock parliament as leader of the campus Conservatives. Who was shouting back? Little Jimmy Conn, leader of the campus Liberals and now principal secretary to the Prime Minister of the land.

Counts in part of the well-known Alberta Media that controls the inner guts of the Prime Minister's office (Ivan Head, Joyce Fairburn, etc.) and he comes from that state station of the country that is thought of as a covered backyard for a John Wayne cut-up: the western south of Calgary that rolls up into the foothills and the rocky barrier that separates the cowboy heart of Alberta from the logging boons of British Columbia. It is a strange, lonely person at the globe to throw up a copyboy who now must appeal to the voters who want Young Sturges's pure stop and St. Clement's Sturges's fiery charm.

J.C. Sturges is not beautiful. There was the time he was introduced as Joe Clark was just a lonely student at university. He stood up on his hand legs one day and in an impassioned speech demanded that W.J.C. Kirby, then leader of the freedom Alberta Conservatives, resign. Some months later, to his belief, Kirby was deposed by his followers and the long trek upward that led to the Longfield Valley had begun. Perhaps even more indicative were the happenings of one frosty February afternoon—in their very state, like the Royal Society in snowy Ottawa when Clark was elected Joe was editor of The Gateway, the student newspaper, and led the first stu-

dent council in history as the legislature. He calmly took his troops from the campus out over the high-level bridge and onto the impenetrable forests of three decades of lovely Soviet Cretin rule. The student demonstration—over some minor dispute about student fees—demanded an appearance by about Premier Ernest Manning, who kindly did talk to the long stretch of student line. What was so significant, for the curious, contrarian province of Alberta is that students had never demonstrated before and certainly no one had ever shown such reverence before the sturdy Manning, a close believer of Clark's and Mackenzie King. That's



Clark and McPhee live for the show

young Joe, not exactly humble.

In those days, the ambitious one from High River had only two in society—politics and the paper. There was practically no social life. No one can remember his being much identified with girls. To this day the new leader of the party of port and pacifying remains in constant danger of slipping into Gaiety. He doesn't smoke and is almost no drinker. But when the fortunate time did come to cement the victory that led to Clark's victory in the sunny atmosphere of the Ottawa Civic Centre Clark's connections through the student Tory network gave him the decision that was dashed out when delegates began to tell him in secret at the thought of the fallen Clark-Wagner as leader.

The minority period threw up Jimmy Fraser—in those times Clark-Crooks took parliament debate—now Peter Longbrake's attorney-general. There were the Haydon brothers. Lou, now sym-

phonous, now minister in Alberta, and Peter, now president of the Social Credit party and Premier Ed Bennett's man in charge of the Tories. Clark's rise in front of the Tory students of Canada (no dirt too young to stuff) yielded George Cooper of Halifax, Bill Mealy and David Jenkins of Edmonton and Mac Campbell of British Columbia. All welcoming, all useful to Clark as he built his campaign to work that left him as the acceptable second choice of the left-wing of the party which was opposed by the image of Westminster's status back around the New River from Ottawa, from Montreal—the basic was the war from Place Ville Marie, the man who was going to play Robert Redford in the movie of Robert Redford's life.

There is to Joe Clark, 36, the serious man and great air vocabulary of Robert Nozick—as if in being one of the early conspicuous ones who called for the downfall of John Diefenbaker he has somehow reversed by his lack the wiggling of the paws in taking the spark out of his voice he now sounds like Jeremy Bentham, maintaining the end of each ministerial sentence to wrap the last strong piece out of it. Most of all, they stress the potential for growth, the boy growing into a man as the campaign progresses for him looking on the future as Trudeau, once the copyboy per's delight, is now the oldest leader—federal or provincial—of any of the major parties.

And there is, do not mistake, Margaret McPhee, the 24-year-old who shares Clark's bed. She is true bourgeois fashion kept her modesty more after marriage although recent allegations that she have given a sex life to a Tory vice president in Alberta (she's from the Ottawa Valley) seemed to force a retreat to the status. A determined young lady in the Margaret mold. When Joe made a slight slip in French in his first press conference, McPhee (who's always seated only slightly to stage left) corrected him in front of the entire press of the country. She now hangs to show the rest of most determined people in Canada to become prime minister: Andrew Long, Geoff Farrow and Margaret McPhee.

One of the press gang attracted to the convention was Andrew Sandison, editor of the Edmonton Journal. He was a messiah, that was or was, but I have to see Clark again. That was the day before the vote. Sandison sat and cooled his heels before a reply came from Clark. Don't panic as we'll please you. The copyboy's revenge.



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